

Not so fairy Fairytale (bigfourfic)

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Summary: 'Fairytale (noun): a story involving fantastic forces and beings. A story in which improbable events lead to a happy ending.' Sometimes, there is no happy ending. Big Four/Rise of the Brave Tangled Dragons fic.

## 1. Frost on the windows

\*\*A/N: This is the first time I've done something like this. A crossover, I mean. So, doing something like this with the fan base that it has, I'm actually really scared posting it. Hardly ever do I write down the plot to a fanfic. Usually, I just write a oneshot, see if people like it, then continue writing with whatever idea pops into my head. But this, being as big as it is, with characters from four different movies, I took notes. I wrote down a plot. I watched all four movies starting with Brave, to How to train your dragon, to Rise of the Guardians, to Tangled. In that order. It was a flipping marathon in my room. I would sleep to this just so I could get each character right, each little detail, everything. So, I hope it doesn't suck to much.\*\*

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><p><span>Fairytale (noun)<span>

1 a: a story (as for children) involving fantastic forces and beings (as fairies, wizards, and goblins) â€“ called also FAIRY STORY

b: a story in which improbable events lead to a happy ending

\_Anyone with a computer, Webster's dictionary, or childhood knows this. A fairytale; a story in which anything and everything can happen. Mainly they involve princesses, mystical beings, and brave knights that always get the girl. No matter what happens in a fairytale, everything comes out happy in the end. Every problem is fixed and everyone is saved. If I remember right, the saying is

'happily ever after'.—

\_Most, if not all, children have grown up knowing this phrase. That and 'once upon a time', but, who really starts a good story like that?—

\_The villains of fairytales are described as old. Sometimes they're witches. Other times they're dragons or stepmothers. Somehow, during the story, they are defeated and good triumphs.\_

\_This story includes the fantastic beings. But, there is no real happy ending.\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Spring<strong>

If you look at the ocean for more then five minutes, you'll noticed that it's not just blue. There's a bit of green in there as well. And if you were to fly over certain clear spots, you'd see the fish doing their fish business. If it was noon, no matter where you were in the sky, the sun would have shined too bright on the water for you to see anything.

On most days, this would have bothered him. But, today, he decided to do things differently. He stared at the glittering mindlessly with the biggest grin on his face. This was all new territory to him. Hardly ever did he think about what was on the other side of the ocean. Most days, he thought that it was just more water. And, as the day went by, he began to think that his suspicion was right. All he could see was water.

"Windâ€œ|" He mumbled. "is there any land out here?"

The sun had started going down as well as his eye lids. After a while, he just allowed the wind to carry him. For the most part, him and the wind had good communication. Sure, the wind wasn't an actual person and, yeah, Jack might have been making up wind's voice in his head. But, when nobody else wants you around, you start making friends with anything and everything. The feeling of being trusted and being able to put your trust in something else was amazing. It's something everyone craves even though we don't know it.

His body relaxed and sleep finally took over. The wind began whistling to him, carrying him as far as it could. It brought his body over lands, slowly lowering him down in a cool clearing that seemed vacant due to the lack of light. He opened his eyes at the feeling of the grass and sat up, rubbing his eyes. Almost everything around him was pitch black. The moon was new and he began glaring up at the sky. First, he didn't speak, now, he's not showing himself? The nerve.

He stood up, brushing himself off as much as he could without properly knowing exactly where the dirt clung. A waterfall wasn't too far away and, by the sounds of it, didn't sound too big either. Other sounds made themselves known as well. Some crickets there, a bird here, and, strangely something else. Like the crackling of a fire and the voices of humans. He looked around but there were no signs of light or other beings.

"Hello?" He called out mindlessly. Jack knew better. Jack knew that nobody could hear him and nobody would respond. But, in unknown lands such as these, the only thing he could do was try.

The wind whistled and seemed to push him forward, nudging him to go on. He looked up at the sky with a sigh before moving forward. It wasn't long until he came in contact with the first landmark of this new land; a tree. Its branches tugged and grabbed at his over cloak, ripping it in the back. It pulled on his hair and the more he tried to get himself out, the more he seemed to pull himself deeper in the branches. When he finally escaped from his horrible tree torture, he continued on; down a small banking. The moment his toes touched the small brook, the water froze into a small bridge wide enough for him to cross. He hopped up onto land across from him and stretched out his arms, feeling for anymore trees. The voices became a bit louder, but not all that much to hear what they were saying.

"Hello?!" He called out again. "Is anyone there!?"

Of course, nobody called back. Jack yawned and rubbed his eyes, lying down on the ground. He decided that, instead of waiting for the forty-five minutes for his eyes to adjust to the darkness, that he'd sleep and wait until morning.

By that next morning, the area around him in which he had slept was covered in snow. He sat up and sighed as he brushed it off his shoulders. On good days, he could control his ability fairly well. But, he couldn't very well control his power while he was asleep or when his emotions ran high.

Picking up his crook, he looked over the small snow dune with slight pride and slight frustration.

"Look mommy!" The voice made him jump nearly out of his pants.

The poor boy looked around then up at a rather tall tower, a little girl sitting on the window sill. From the way he saw it, she was staring down at him. It gave him a small glimmer of hope. When she pointed in his direction, by god, his heart could have just about come out of his chest. His mouth twisted into the biggest, goofiest grin one could ever see. He waved up to her and watched as her mother walked over.

"Snow? But it's spring." Her mother said, placing her hand on her head.

The little girl smiled and nodded. "Isn't it pretty, mommy?" She asked.

Her mother didn't reply, giving the snow a foul look before returning back inside. "Very pretty to look at. But, it'll freeze you in a second."

Jack stared at the little girl, his grin gone, and his hands by his side. She didn't see him, only his snow. The wind began to whisper to the teen and picked him up, allowing him to get closer to the girl. He sat on the sill with her. Not looking at the snow, not trying to get her attention, just staring at her. Just watching to see if it was possible this child could see him. As the minutes went by, she didn't turn to him. She frowned when she was called to lunch, ate,

began her reading lessons, and went up to her room. And all the while, Jack watched. For what could he do?

He walked in and looked around, waiting for her to come out. "Nice house. Bad location, though." He commented to the mother who sat in her chair.

Grabbing an apple and taking a bite, he sat on the staircase. "Why do you two live up here? Doesn't seem like a great place for a kid."

"Ready mama!" The girl said, coming out from behind the curtain that separated her bedroom from the rest of the house.

She carried a small stool above her head, staring down at the steps. Her hair flowed over the floor and only seemed to make Jack more curious. Why in the world would a girl keep her hair that long? Sure, girls loved long hair. But, this was insane compared to what he had seen. Her hair was longer than she was tall!

He continued to watch as she placed the stool in front of her mother and sat down. Her mother picked up the brush that sat in her lap, began brushing the girl's hair, and hummed a small tune. It only lasted a second or so before the girl nodded, singing.

"Flower gleam and glowâ€|" She started, her hair shining brightly.

As she continued to sing, his eyes went wide at the sight. Her hair, it was brighter than the sun! He continued to watch, full of amusement and wonder. Just why was her hair doing this? And what did it do exactly? Turning to the mother, the question was answered. Her skin became flawless, her own hair became darker, her face was lifted and wrinkle free. She was becoming younger right before his very eyes.

The girl's voice slowly died down into nothing more than a whisper. When the song was finished, she looked up at her mother and smiled. "Do you feel better?"

"Much better. Thank you, Rapunzel."

Rapunzel? He had encountered many strange names in his few years of life, but thisâ€|this name seemed to take the cake. Strange or not, it seemed pretty. Innocent in a way. He smiled and watched as the girl walked back up the stairs to take care of her stool, her mother walking into her own room to rest.

Across the room was a window bay and seemed like the most comfortable choice for him to lay down. Standing up, he walked over, putting his hand on the window as he sat down. Frost emitted from his touch and spread across the entire window; even reaching to the other two on either side. He smiled and drew a small flower with his finger, surprised that he contained enough body heat to draw through frost. As he stared outside, a soft gasp was heard from the stairs. Rapunzel stood there, mouth gapped open, eyes wide with happiness. With a giggle, she ran over and quickly began drawing small things she had seen in books. Jack smiled at this and drew with her. With every drawing he made, her smile became bigger.

When the windows were full and there wasn't space left, he froze over their masterpieces. After a while, the two had developed a game. He would make a line then she made another and soon, they would have created a picture. Of course, she had no idea who was creating the other line. Or the frost for that matter. But, whenever the question came to her mind, she would shrug it off and continue playing with the friend she couldn't see.

They spent almost an entire week doing this. As soon as she would wake up, she would rush down the stairs, shovel her breakfast into her mouth, and jump onto the window bay seat. This action would, in turn, wake him up and cause the frost to appear on the windows. The two had created many outstanding drawings. Some where big landscapes. Some that she had wanted to see and some he wanted to show her. Others were small things blown up to fit the whole window; birds, snowflakes, bugs. Anything and everything that they had seen, heard of, or imagined were placed in this very spot.

At the end of the week, she didn't wake him up. Usually, her mother would call her down for breakfast. Today, though, she slept in. He raised an eyebrow as he looked around. Her mother seemed to be baking a sweet and there were two wrapped gifts on the table. Where had he seen this before? Ah! That's right. Back in the town near his pond. Whatâ€|what was it called again?

"A birthdayâ€|" He thought out loud. "It's Rapunzel's birthday."

With a smile, he jumped up and raced upstairs, creating small patches of frost on the way. He ran to her bedside and began shaking the whole piece of furniture.

"Hey you!" He said cheerfully. "Come on! It's your birthday, time to wake up!"

She quickly sat up in her bed, whimpering with fright. Jack stopped shaking the bed and hovered his hand over her back as if to calm her down. "Hey, it's alright. Just me."

"Rapunzel!" Her mother called.

The two retreated downstairs. She ate her birthday cupcake and he watched. "Soâ€|how old are you today?" He asked, smiling. "Do you want to do something special?"

But, she didn't answer. At night, sometimes, he would lay awake on his spot in the window bay and wonder if the friendship they had was all in his head. If she ever thought of it as a friendship at all or if she merely thought of it as temperatures rising and falling against the windows. Sometimes, he wondered if talking to her would help or destroy him. Still, he did it all the same.

When she was done with her cupcake, she helped clean the dishes, sweep the floors, and opened her presents. One contained a small box full of white sea shells and another was a new dress. He smiled even more as he watched her twirl around, pretending she was at the beach.

As the day went on and the frost on the windows melted, she seemed to grow happier and happier. He didn't understand why. In his mind, he

thought she was getting excited to go to sleep. But, when her mother went to bed and she crept down the stairs, he could tell something bigger was happening. Was she going to try and escape the tower? From as much as he could see, there was no way out except the small doors leading down. His eyes went wide as he watched her walk over to those doors and slowly open them.

"No, don't!" He screamed.

As always, she didn't hear him. Everything slowed down and all he could think about was her spiraling down to the harsh ground below. The worst part of it was all he could do was watch. Watch as the doors opened and watch as she leaned against the sill.

When she sighed, his heart slowed down. She wasn't going to jump. She was just looking at the stars. He sighed as well and stood up, walking over to sit next to her. Looking up at the sky, he was surprised to see a stream of yellow lights floating up. Never had he seen anything so beautiful. He couldn't help but smile.

"What are those things?" He asked.

Rapunzel simply smiled, staring at the floating lights. Every once in a while, she would reach up to them, almost like she was trying to catch one. After a few attempts, the poor girl waved to the lights, closed the doors, and walked over to the window bay; Jack not far behind. He quickly frosted the windows and placed the first line. She smiled and shook her head, rubbing her hand over it to create a big hole in their canvas. He raised an eyebrow at the action, watching as she waited for the frost to cover it up.

"We're not playing that game tonight?"

Losing patience rather fast, she pouted. "Windows, I don't want to play that game tonight. I want to make a picture."

He chuckled and shook his head, letting his frost cover up the hole. When the canvas was whole again, she began drawing a sort of landscape. Adding a tree here and there, placing her tower on the far right window; she stared at it for a moment. Smiling, she stood up and poked a spot in the frost. Removing it, there laid a small dot. She rolled her hand into a fist and turned it to the side, rubbing it against the window to make an even bigger dot.

It took a while for him to figure out what she was doing. She was trying to make a picture of the floating lights. He smiled and stood up on his spot in the window bay, starting to create the stars and lights with her. With one final dot, the picture was done.

Rapunzel took a few steps back, admiring their work like she always did. She smiled and hopped slightly. "It's perfect."

"Not completely perfect. You need to sign your name on it." Jack pointed out.

She bit her lip and tilted her head. "What did I miss?" She asked herself. It took a moment before she jumped over and sat at the bottom of the last window.

In the corner, there was a patch of frost completely untouched. She

had left it there for when she was done, but, when she was done, she had completely forgotten about it. Often she did this. She would place a book or toy on the table, help with the dishes, and forget about the item she saved for later. With her small finger, she wrote her name proudly.

He smiled as she did this and bent down next to her, writing his own name above hers. When the deed was done, the wind whistled and opened the small doors to the tower, calling him.

"I'll be back." He said to her as he grabbed his crook.

She didn't notice. She didn't notice the doors opening, her mother waking up cursing the wind for being so loud. Even while her mother called her name and told her to go to bed, she stayed right in her place and stared at the magical name that sat above hers.

With a soft voice, she mumbled his name and began to wonder where it came from, who it belonged to.

"Jack Frostâ€|"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: I know it's slow at first, but, it'll pick up.  
Should...I continue or is it that horrible? - ADAM \*\*

## 2. Test Drive

\*\*A/N: Oh geeze. So, yeah. Before we start, I need to say that I haven't read the books of 'how to train your dragon'. And, I almost killed the DVD playing this scene over and over just to get it right. I almost killed all the movies the other day. One did die though and I went out and bought another JUST so I can get everything perfect. Because, well, the characters have to be close to what they are in the movie. So, yeah. Enjoy.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Autumn â€" ten years later<strong>

Nothing could come close to this feeling. Adrenaline pumping through his veins, his heart beating faster than any ox, the whole world beneath him. The higher he got, the more he started becoming addicted to the feeling.

"Yeah! Go baby!" He screamed.

Not a single thought came into his mind, all he did was feel. Which was strange for him. On most days, if not everyday, he wasn't one to act on feelings. The only time he ever did was on those days the village was being attacked. When his father was around to see and where he could prove himself. Of course, they always ended in the destruction of houses, the loss of food, and the humiliation of his father scolding him in front of everyone. Some nights, he would lay in his bed and wonder if his attempts would ever work.

But, every single fear, every voice that told him how useless he was were gone and silenced. Now, it was just him, the sky, and his

dragon.

"Yeahhes! Ohh, this is amazing!" He exclaimed. "The wind in my - cheat sheet!"

He began to panic, his mind now jumbling. Was he going to fall? Was he going to die? Mindlessly, he turned and reached for his cheat sheet. "\*\*\*\_Stoooppp\_\*!" He told his dragon.

Who, in turn, obeyed his friend's request and stopped. As he did, the poor teen flew out of the saddle, the hook connecting them sliding out of its place. Hiccup stared down at his dragon, his eyes becoming wide as he realized just how high up they were. His heart dropped to his stomach and his knees buckled in fear.

"\*\*Nooo\*\*!" He screeched, his friend making a distressed noise along with him.

Not wanting to see the ground, he turned and focused on the sky. It didn't seem to help. No matter what he was looking at, he was falling. He and Toothless would be dead within a matter of seconds if he didn't act.

"Oh gosh!" He screamed, bracing himself.

Reaching out his arms, he finally turned to face the dragon. "Oh gods!" He yelped as he saw that this fearsome Night Fury, a dragon born out of lightning and death itself, was just as scared as he was once more.

He reached for the saddle only to be hit by his friend's wing instead. By this time, he would have rather been staring at the ground than unwilling having his body flip threw the air. "Oh noo!"

As he went to flip backwards, he lunged the other way, finally able to stare the dragon in the face. He clutched his cheat sheet tightly in one hand and tried to grab the saddle with the other as he talked. "Alright, you, you gotta kinda angle yourself." He told him.

But, the other didn't seem to be listening; throwing his wings and tail all around. Hiccup tried his best to avoid them and still keep his mind on saving both of them instead of the death that would soon come if he didn't.

"Okay, no, no, no, come back down towards me. Come back dow â€“ daow!" The teen yelped as his dragon's tail whipped him in the face.

He held his cheek in pain for a moment, taken back that it hadn't knocked his jaw out of place. Toothless continued to spin around and panic, screeching in fear. His rider took a look at him and ignored the hissing pain that crawled up into his ear. Putting the cheat sheet in his mouth and as much weight as he had in his chest, he dove down and began reaching for the saddle. He struggled for a moment, his pulse beginning to pound into his skull. When he finally took hold of his dragon and mounted on, a slight wave of relief flooded him. He clasped himself in, pushed down on the wing's peddle, and held on as tight as he could.

The poor beast let out a terrifying screech as he looked at the land below. To the both of them, even though they had no idea what the other was thinking, for a moment, the tree tops looked more like the points of needles. The teen let out a muffled scream as he lifted the saddle up in hopes of lifting his dragon as well. His eyes went wide as he began to wonder; if he died out here, would anyone back home notice?

Just as it seemed like there was no hope at all, the dragon opened his wings. His rider could practically smell the pine, oak, and other smells the trees let out into the air. A slight fog began to clear, showing many rock formations and pillars that came out of the water. He quickly pulled the cheat sheet out of his mouth and looked it over, looking up at the pillars after glimpsing at each position. A headache formed behind his eyes as he tried to figure out which position to use. And what they looked like for that matter; the wind kept blowing the paper everywhere.

'Screw it!' He thought and let go of the cheat sheet without hesitation.

His foot pressed down against the tail wing's peddle, clicking it into just the right position to open it. They swerved around each rock formation, rolled in the air, acted like true flying pros. The adrenaline pumped his heart again and he felt even more powerful, even more useful with each turn and flip. Once again, he had no thoughts, just feelings. His foot continued to press down, up, straight, any way that it needed to go. As the fog completely cleared and there was nothing but ocean in front of them, complete relief washed over him. Yes, this feeling was much better.

With the biggest, most goofiest grin anyone ever saw, he threw his arms up into the air and screamed. "Yeeaaahh!"

His friend smiled and allowed his teeth to show, spitting out a blue ball of fire out of pure happiness. As the teen stared at it and watched it explode in the air, his happiness slowly began to fade into annoyance. His smile turned into a frown and his arms fell to his sides.

"Come on!" He groaned.

Hiccup had been on fire before. There have been a few times when he was younger where his stuff had been thrown into a fire pit and he had to get them back. His father always told him not to play in the fire pits, not to go in the fire pits, and, after a few years, not to even go near the fire pits. But, he would walk straight into them, get himself caught on fire, and be humiliated by not only his actions but by his father as well. So, when the fire reached them, it wasn't a new feeling.

Sure, he did scream and, yeah, it did hurt. It hurt a lot. But, it was familiar and in some way, reminded him of his rough childhood. Toothless, hearing his friend scream, dove into the water and jumped out again, hoping that put out any fire on the poor human's body.

His rider sighed and patted his friend's head. "Thanks bud. Let's go find a place to camp out for the night." He said, remembering the note he left for Gobber saying he had gone out hiking and would be

back tomorrow.

The two continued flying for what seemed like only minutes to them. But, by the way the sun was positioned, they had been going for hours. And it began to show. Toothless let out a yawn and his stomach let out a grumble. The only thing worse than being around a scared or angry dragon was being around one that was hungry. He didn't have enough fingers to count on his hands the number of times his pet pulled on his vest, picked him up, and threw him toward the pond in the middle of the cove where he stayed. No matter what he was doing, the poor dragon would do anything to get his attention. And get him some food.

"I'm hungry, too." He muttered.

Thankfully, not too far away, but not too close either, was an island. By far, it was the strangest island he had ever seen. Possibly, the strangest anyone had ever seen. The whole thing seemed to be made up of nothing but rocks. The beach looked smooth and was darker in color than the rest of the island which was covered in odd pentagons; flat and in pillars.

It was as good enough as anyplace. As soon as they landed, Toothless shook his rider off and pounded a small hole into the ground. A fire pit, no doubt. It didn't take long for him to gather the few sticks that laid on the ground and put them in the pit, his dragon setting them on fire. It also didn't take long for him to fish out dinner for the two of them. Sometimes, he wondered why people thought of him as useless. Well, yeah, he was horrible at killing dragons and he wasn't very good at keeping out of the way, but, he could cook better than most of the Vikings in the village. And what he lacked for in brawn, he made up for in brains. He knew the best spots for fishing and could catch them fairly well.

With his makeshift spear, he stood silently in the water and waited. When a fish swam by, he gripped the spear tightly and quickly stabbed it, throwing it onto the rock shore. Every time he did, he would look up at his sleeping friend to make sure he stayed asleep. If the Night Fury woke up and saw all that fish, there would be none left for himself!

From the way the sun was positioned, it looked like it only took about twenty minutes to catch all the fish. He scooped up as many as he could and walked over to his friend, placing most of them in front of him. Stabbing one for his own, he sat down, leaned against Toothless, and began roasting it. He sighed as he looked out over the ocean. Part of him began to worry that he might see his father's ship on the horizon. After all, there was no telling where he was right now. For all he knew, his father could be on the other side of the island.

The sound of the dragon behind him broke his thoughts and he looked over to see what was wrong. Whenever he made that sound, the first thing he thought of was a cat coughing up a hairball. But, it was never a hairball. No, it was almost always the head of a fish.

His friend stared at him, expecting him to eat it right away. Hiccup looked at him from over his shoulder. "Uh, no thanks. I'm good." He said smiling, showing him the fish he had cooking.

Toothless shook his head. Most of the humans he met were mean and vicious, always wanting to kill him. Meeting one that not only was friendly, but, wanted to help him was weird. The way his human cooked his meals was even weirder to him.

As they continued eating, small screeches could be heard coming toward them. The teen looked up and saw four Terrible Terrors landing not to far away. The small creatures were no bigger than a house cat but were feared by most due to their pinpoint accuracy when shooting fireballs. He stared at them and watched as they fought over the head of a fish. His dragon, however, did not take their visit kindly; growling as he tried to hide his fish.

One seemed to sneak past him, though, and dug right into the pile of free food. The small dragon picked a single fish up and began walking away, only to be stopped by Toothless. It was an unfair advantage, really. He only could grip the tail while the larger beast held the whole head. The game of tug-of-war didn't last particularly long and the result left the bigger dragon laughing. Oh, that wouldn't do. That wouldn't do at all. Stretching out his small legs, the small Terror got ready to strike. He stood on his back legs, puffed out his chest, hissed slightly as the fireball readied in his mouth and fell on his face as the other spat a small attack.

"Huhâ€!" Said the human not too far away. "Not so fireproof on the inside, are ya? Here you go."

Humans hardly ever gave them food. If anything, humans gave them shrieks, yells, and swords to the stomachs. The Terror didn't stare in surprise for long and quickly swallowed the fish whole. As the teen sat down, he advanced over. He wasn't attacking. It wasâ€safe? Like a small pet, the Terror walked over and purred, rubbing his head against the human's arm. He laid down and allowed the soft hand to rub against his rough skin.

"Everything we know about you guysâ€is wrong." He muttered as he continued to stroke his new found ally.

Silence began to grow over all of them and the sun could barely be seen over the waves of the ocean. Hiccup slowly closed his eyes, falling into a deep sleep. The rest of them did the same.

When he sleepily opened his eyes, the sky was dark and the air was freezing. He shivered and curled up closer to Toothless. There were many things to hate about living in or around Berk. Hardly any sun, the humiliation he was put through everyday, and the lack of heat. Mostly, he hated the lack of heat. Eleven out of twelve months were full of nothing but snow and freezing rain. His teeth began to chattered and he sighed, closing his eyes again.

"Well, of course you're gonna be cold. You're near the ocean."

The sound of the voice made his heart stop and he quickly sat up. At first, he thought the craziest idea. That it was, in fact, his dragon talking. But, after looking at his friend and seeing how surprised he was, it clearly wasn't him.

"Aren't you supposed to have a home or something?" The voice asked.

Hiccup sat up and looked around. Not too far away, on one of the many pillars stood a boy, roughly a little older than himself. His over cape was torn and looked odd, nothing he had seen before. He held a shepherd's crook in one hand and wore no shoes on either feet. By the way the island looked, there was no way there could be sheep living here. There was no grass, no trees; just rock. The moon lit up the mysterious teen's face, showing his white hair. White hair? The only people to have that shade were elders and there was no way thisâ€|this kid was that old.

He stood up and raised an eyebrow. "Who are you? How did you get here?"

The other teen looked taken back, surprised. Almost like he'd never been spoken to before. "Youâ€|you can see me?"

"Yes, yes I can." Who was this kid?

Jumping down, the young shepherd boy circled him once then stopped, staring straight at him. The two stood there in silence, ignoring the growling coming from the dragon who was ready to pounce. Hiccup pressed his lips together and looked around, trying to break the awkward moment. "So, uh, yeah. What are you doing out here?"

"I was just flying around and saw you and yourâ€|" The white haired boy gestured toward his friend, clearly not knowing what it was. "â€|thing. What is it, exactly? I've been seeing those type of things everywhere."

"Dragons. They're dragons." He said, placing his hands on his hip. "And, if you had no idea what they were, how did you fly here?"

"The wind carried me." He sounded like a child. The wind carried him? That was impossible. But, he found that it was also impossible for the wings of a bee to pick up it's fat body off the ground, yet, it still flies.

He nodded and gave him a strange look, almost feeling like he should be looking for wings on this boy. "Allriighthttâ€|what's your name?"

"Jack. Jack Frost." He said, leaning against his crook. "What's yours?"

"Hiccup." He said, trying to sound as formal as he possibly could. "Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third."

"Hiccup?" Jack asked, chuckling slightly. "Your name is stranger than hers."

Hiccup shrugged. "We believe that hideous names scare off trolls and gnomes."

The Frost child pointed toward Toothless who was now curled up at the Vikings' feet. "And that wouldn't scare them off?"

The dragon growled at the finger pointed at him. For all he knew, this other teen could hurt his human and possibly him. But, the small chuckle and small talk the two made slowly made him calm. When they chose to sit down, the new boy tried to sit next to his human. This

made him tense up again and he quickly slapped his tail upside his snow white head.

The two continued to talk about small things. Where they lived, their favorite foods. When the subject of family came along, both boys seemed to want to curl up and hide somewhere amongst the rocks. The Haddock child talked of the little information he knew about his mother and the unwanted information about his father.

"What about you?" He asked.

Jack shrugged and looked up at the moon. "I don't really have anyone." He said, rubbing his arm for comfort. "I mean, there is this one girl that I knew, but, I can't find her. The wind carried me to where she was. It was too dark to see anything so I had no idea where her tower is."

Hiccup stared at him. Not many people seemed to care for him. Mainly because he was always in their way. His father even seemed to dislike him. Still, at least he could say he had a father. And a mother. At least people could see him, even if sometimes he didn't want to be seen. He pressed his lips together as he continued to hear more of this girl. He continued to stare as he listened to the other's story of the child named Rapunzel; how her hair could glow and heal wounds.

His story wasn't too long, but it still took a long time to get it out of him. Whenever Hiccup looked away for even just a second, Jack would trail off into his own thoughts. One question stuck to his mind as he listened, though, and by the end of it, he whispered it.

"Could she see you, too?"

The white haired teen bit his lip and shook his head, his gaze wondering down to the strange pentagon rocks. "No."

Jack's chest tightened and he could feel ice beginning to form over his eyes. Snow gently started falling from the sky, confusing the other two. If anything was said or if there was any noise at all, it didn't reach him. He was busy lost in his memories of the girl. Would she even remember the frost on the windows if he returned? Would it be possible for her to ever see him?

He was blind to the world and did not notice the concerned look on Toothless' face. The dragon sat in front of the snowy teen, trying to bring him out of his trance with small purrs and groans. Only did a hand on his shoulder wake him up from his day dream.

"Come on." Hiccup said, clasping himself onto his friend's saddle.

He raised an eyebrow as he stood up, tightly holding his crook.  
"What?"

"We're going to go find this Rapunzel girl." He said, prepping everything for lift off. "But first, we need to get some supplies. Something tells me we aren't going to be home for a while."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: How did I do on Hiccup? Give me your honest opinion.  
- ADAM \*\*

\*\*Reviews = Motivation = Chapters\*\*

### 3. Deal with the Devil

\*\*A/N: Alright, before we start, I just want to say, I KNOW HOW TO SPELL...TO AN EXTENT. I mean, I spelt certain things wrong to show Merida's accent. Because, come on, who doesn't like writing accents?\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>The only thing that was louder than her crying were the banging of the horse's hooves against the stone bridge. It was a strange sight for the guards that stood at the kingdom's gate. Whenever she would cross that bridge, it would always be with a grin and a laugh or two. Seeing someone with such an unbreakable spirit so upset would cause anyone to feel as helpless as she did at that moment.</p>

She curled up and sobbed, holding onto the horse as tight as she could. The scene between her and her mother replayed in her head multiple times. How could she do something like that? Throw her bow into the fire and destroy it. That bow and those arrows were the only thing that her mother couldn't take away, until now. Without them, she didn't feel free, she didn't feel like herself. Without them, she was just what her mother wanted her to be; a princess.

Her chest tightened as her horse continued to ride into the forest. The corset she wore didn't help with her breathing, either.

The horse continued to gallop through the trees, at first taking their usual path. But, the more his master cried and the more she pulled, he ended up running down a different path; a path that has been long abandoned by humans.

Trees began brushing her back and tugging her hair, forcing her to look up and through her tears. She whipped her eyes with her sleeve and yelped as more branches began snapping at her face, pulling her hair, ripping her dress. When the trees cleared, she held the reins of her horse tightly and tried her hardest to stop the tears. As her vision began to clear up, her horse let out a noise, showing that he had been spooked. Stopping right in his tracks, she flew right off and over his head, landing rather roughly on the ground.

Letting out a choked sob, she pushed her hair out of her face and looked at her companion. "Angus!" She said, pain mixing with her thick accent.

He continued to neigh, ignoring his master. She glared at him slightly as she caught her breath. This corset was going to be the death of her. He jumped on his hind legs, a sure sign that he was spooked. Which was strange. Angus hardly ever got spooked. When he did, it was during thunder storms or when there was a fire. With wide eyes, she gasped for breath and turned around, expecting something terrifying.

Thirteen stone pillars all in different shapes and sizes stood around her. Her knees shook as she stood up, looking them all over. Most of them held carved swirls, faded with time. Some had moss clinging to them. They honestly looked beautiful to her but, if her horse was scared of them, shouldn't she be as well?

She took a step back, trying to figure out what they were, what they were used for. There was no way these were made strictly from nature. The neighs of her horse broke her thoughts and she turned to him, watching as he cowered behind one of the pillars. He tried his hardest to convince his master to come back, digging into the ground with his hoof. Sadly, she didn't. The sound of a childlike whisper forced her to turn her head. She had heard this whisper once before. As a child on her birthday, the sound helped her make her way out of a forest. She gasped as she stared at it's source; a small blue flame with bright eyes waving her over. A Will o' the Wisps. Without hesitation, she made her way over. Even though she wasn't as close to the ground and she could feel the corset tightly gripping her waist, she felt like a small child again. The same magic and mystery they held for her then still lingered. As she reached over to touch the Wisp, it disappeared, making her gasp.

It didn't take long for another to take it's place not too far away. And then another. And another. Soon, there was a whole trail made out of nothing but Wisps. She turned to her horse and waved him over, her voice hushed as to not disturb the Wisps.

"Come on, Angus." She whispered. He shook his head and hid behind the pillar even more, causing her temper to rise. "Angus!" She said, louder than before.

He shook his head once more and stood there, watching as she sighed and followed them by herself. The two of them had been together since she was eight. Ever since he laid eyes on her, he could tell she was the curious type. Always following the unknown and sooner or later getting into trouble. Of course, out here, there were always dangers. There was no way he was leaving her to fend for herself. With one last neigh of fear, he raced after her, trying to stay silent as they followed the path.

The whispers seemed to get louder as they continued walking. At first, neither of them could make out what they were saying. After a while, though, they could clearly hear the Wisps telling them to 'come here' or 'this way'. Their walk didn't seem terribly long until Angus looked back, not being able to see the pillars anymore.

She gasped only seeing one left in between two paths. The small ghost fire whispered and slowly broke into two separate flames. "Which way do ya think, Angus?" She asked.

He shook his head and gave a small neigh, nudging her slightly. With a sigh, she began walking again, taking the path toward the right. Her horse neighed and looked down the left path, watching as the Wisps slowly disappeared. It took him a moment before he began following her again, his head down and eyes shifting all around. Merida didn't pay much attention to what was beyond the Wisps. For all she knew, they could have led her into a ditch. She reached for one and gasped as it disappeared. Finally, she looked around. Large rock formations stood everywhere, almost completely surrounding them, not another ghost fire to be found.

"Why did the Wisps leave me here?" She asked, scratching her head slightly.

Not too far away, but, not to close either were a pair of voices. Angus neighed and looked in the direction they were coming from. At first, they expected more to appear and the voices turn to childlike whispers. They sat there waiting for a moment, listening in. They weren't going to turn into whispers anytime soon. In fact, they turned into shouts, showing that the owners of the voices were arguing. There was hardly any accent to them and she began to wonder where they had come from.

"Well, why don't you ask your friend the wind for some help?" One asked, sounding like he was flipping through pages in a book. "I'm sure it knows which way to go."

"He isn't here right now." The other answered, clearly annoyed with his partner. "Why didn't we land in that town a little ways forward? We might have been able to ask if they knew where the tower was."

Tower? The only towers she knew of were the ones in the castle and the ones by the gates.

"Well, I could've at least asked. Since, well, you knowâ€|"

The shouting became louder and the words were incoherent. She crossed her arms and stared at the rock formation that separated her from them. Angus looked down at her, knowing very well what she was about to do. Without a moment of hesitation and with the most annoyed face anyone has ever seen, she began climbing the formation. It wasn't all that tall, but, it wasn't short either. The two voices continued to argue as she reached the top, her gaze not even hitting them. Instead, she focused on the rather large black lizard creature that noticed her as well. His eyes narrowed at her, his mouth opening to show his sharp teeth. A low growl came from the back of his throat. She jumped down and stared back, putting her hands up to show she was unarmed.

The two boys didn't even notice her presence, their fight getting louder and louder. The lizard turned to stare at them, putting his arms over his ears as if they've done this many times before. She tried to wave to them, even mutter a hello, but, they didn't notice. The air became strangely cold and ice started forming under the white haired teen's feet. Rubbing her arms, she glared at the two before finally snapping.

"\*\*Shut it\*\*!" She screamed.

They both looked over, the paler of the two chuckling slightly. Her corset became tight as she took in another breath. "Who're youu two?" She asked when they became silent.

The blue eyed boy raised an eyebrow, looking at his partner. "What did she say?" He whispered.

"She asked who we are." The other answered, rolling his eyes. "Can you please tell us where we are?"

She crossed her arms and huffed, narrowing her eyes. "The lann o' DunBroch. Naow, who're youu?"

The shorter of the two cleared his throat and spoke in a monotone voice. "Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third." He said, trying to be as formal as he could.

"Jack Frost." The other answered, clearly feeling left out by not having that long of a name. Suddenly, he smiled and stood up straighter, realizing she was able to see him. Taking in a large breath, he started saying the first names that came to mind. "Jackson Thomas Edward James Frostâ€|the fifth."

She raised an eyebrow and stared at the older teen. Hiccup waved his hand, shaking his head. "He's Jack Frost. Just Jack Frost."

Her brow lowered in thought. She had heard that name once before. Back when she was a child, her mother would speak of an old man of the winter with the same name. He would come every year and layer the land in snow, freeze the waters until they were ice. Every time someone died during the season, her mother would curse him and claim that he was a very vengeful spirit. But, as she looked over the boy in front of her, she began to wonder how he could possibly hurt a fly. And how they could interpret him as an elderly man, there wasn't a single wrinkle on him! If she had to guess, he was no older than eighteen.

"Why do you always have to ruin the fun?" Jack asked, crossing his own arms.

"Why do you always have to be annoying?" He asked back. With a sigh, he turned back to her. "And who are you?"

"Merida." She rolled her eyes, taking another glance at the large lizard.

He didn't seem too pleased, his eyes still narrowed and his teeth still showing. Her eyes went wide as she noticed that the once big gap between them had decreased dramatically. Slowly backing up to the rocks behind her, he began to advance forward, taking his place in front of the brunette.

All she could think about was those teeth, how they could pierce her skin the second he attacked. They could rip her to shreds in less than a minute. If she had her bow and her arrows, she wouldn't be thinking about her painful death. She'd be thinking about how lovely that lizard's head would look mounted on the walls of the castle, neighboring the deer, bear, and other heads of animals her father hunted. The brunette grabbed the saddle that sat oddly on the lizard's back, pulling him away from her.

"Toothless!" He said, completely appalled by the other's actions. "Stop, she's a friend!"

Toothless? Has he even looked at that thing's teeth?! They're huge! So sharp, she swore she could have used them to cut down a tree in one swipe! Slowly standing straight up, she let go of the breath she didn't know she held back. "Whaâ€|is tat thang?" She asked.

"That is Toothless. He's a dragon. He doesn't mean to hurt you." He

said, petting the side of the beast's head.

Jack leaned against his crook as he rolled his eyes. "Don't take it personally. He hates me, too."

"He doesn't hate you."

"Yes, he does. He ate all my share of meals yesterday."

Merida stared as the two fought over how much the dragon played favorites. Looking over at the player in question, it was clear that these two had been like this for some time; he seemed just as annoyed with the teens as she did. She placed her face in her hands, letting out a noise to show how irritated she was.

Their voices seemed to get louder and louder, her head pounding as they fought. She looked down at Toothless who had started doing the same thing. His eyes weren't narrowed this time. They actually seemed gentle. Even for a large beast like him. After staring at each other for a minute or so, he shook his head and narrowed his eyes, watching as his friend yelled at the other. She shook her head and narrowed her eyes, doing to same thing.

"\*\*Hey\*\*!" She finally screamed, the dragon letting out a yell as well. The two stopped and turned to her, looking as taken back as they did the first time. "Arr youu two goin' to keep fightin like this?"

They looked at each other and sighed, rubbing their arms and the back of their heads in shame. "Wha arr youu even doin' out herre in the fairst place?"

"We're looking for someone." Hiccup explained. "Someone he met ten years ago." He said, gesturing toward his partner.

Jack nodded, his eyes widening with slight hope as he looked at Merida. "Her name is Rapunzel. She lives in a tower. Her hair is blonde."

She shook her head, thinking back to all the names she knew. "No, soreree." Being a princess, she knew many names. Names of her ancestors, her nursemaids, every single guard, even most of the people in the market. Never had she heard of such strange names, though.

The brunette shrugged, hooking onto the dragon's saddle. "Well, that's too bad." He muttered. "It could've really helped us."

The older of the three stared at her with solemn eyes. To his knowledge, there was only two people that could see him; the one he'd been traveling with for a few days and this girl. The chances of there ever being another with this ability were slim. Frowning, he stared at the ground before turning to the sky, whistling a soft tune to call the wind. Merida watched as the wings of the dragon opened up and slowly began flapping, a crazy idea popping into her mind. If she went with them, there would be no wedding.

"Wait!" She said, lifting her hands up into the air. "Tach meh with youu!"

Hiccup looked down at her and closed his friend's back tail. "You want to come with us?" He asked.

She nodded. "Aye! I do!"

The two boys looked at each other, wondering if it was a good idea to take her along. Did she have hidden strengths they didn't know about? Would she truly be useful on their journey? Jack glanced back down at her and shrugged, leaving the decision for his partner to make. The dragon rider scratched his head and finally sighed, patting the rest of the saddle behind him.

"Alright." He said. "Come on."

With the biggest grin ever, she ran up to them. Toothless, however, was not having some stranger on his back. It took him nearly a week to get to know his friend and allow him to help. He growled and narrowed his eyes, letting his teeth show. Hiccup was not amused.

"Toothless, really?" He asked, getting off. "It'll be fine. She's a friend."

Merida watched as he tried to reason with him. After a moment of bickering, snorting, growls, and shakes of the head, Hiccup grabbed her hand. "He needs to know he can trust you before you get on." He said, placing her hand a little closer to the other's nose.

She kept her eyes on his, watching as they slowly became soft and gentle like before. With a soft purring noise, he pressed his nose up against her hand, closing his eyes. His skin felt like many rough fingernails that needed to be tended to badly. Even though it didn't feel pleasant, the act was still joyful. Hiccup climbed up with her, slightly surprised by her arms weaving around his waist. A slight blush began to show on his cheeks and Jack gave a small chuckle when he saw.

Night crept onto the world rather fast and without warning. Before anyone could blink, it was dark out. In the forest stood a figure with negativity completely surrounding it. Toothless took a moment to stare at the mysterious figure then flew off, wanting to keep his best friend out of it's way. If anyone had been there to stare at it a moment longer, they would have seen two golden orbs form from the figure. It walked out and presented itself as a man, the golden orbs turning into eyes as he watched the three fly off into the distance.

That girl and the strange boy were interfering with his plans. They had given the winter child hope and that would just not due. No. No, he was his. His to take and his to keep. He had to keep the child in the dark. As he smirked, he showed off his razor like teeth before slipping back into the shadows. Traveling through shadows was much faster than flying in his opinion. There were shadows everywhere at any time and you didn't need to stop for a rest whenever you or your companion got tired. It wasn't long before he stood in the shadows of a bedroom, a woman fast asleep not to far away. Golden sand formed around her head, twisting and turning into several different things. Taking a step forward, he softly touched the sand, watching as it became corrupted, turning into other things. Dark things. Dark thoughts she had and fears that lingered in the back of her mind. He

nodded and pushed the sand away, not even flinching as she sat up panting, her black, curly hair bouncing everywhere.

She sighed and took a good look around the room, jumping when she saw the dark man at her bedside. "Who are you?" She asked, backing away.

"Someone who has come to help, Gothel." He said. His voice seemed soothing yet still stung like venom.

She raised an eyebrow then narrowed her eyes. "How do you know my name?" She asked, her arm sneaking to her bedside table.

"I know many things about many people." He said, creating a small ball of black sand in his hands. "I know more than just your name. I know your biggest fear."

"Oh really?" Her hand weaved into the drawer and grabbed the dagger that laid inside. "And what's that?"

"Your dear flower being taken away, leaving you here to die." He smirked, looking at her shock stricken face. "There are others out there coming here to take her away. Join me and we can fight against them."

His hand wasn't pale, nor did it have a real skin tone. It made her skin crawl as she reached out and touched it. His hand felt smooth yet rough against her own and she began to wonder who exactly this mysterious man was.

"Before we complete the agreement, I need to know who I'm working for."

His smirk became wider, his teeth sparkling in the little moon light there was in the room. "Pitch Black."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: How bad was my Merida? Was it alright? Does it pass?  
- ADAM\*\*

\*\*Reviews = Motivation = Chapters\*\*

#### 4. Tower in the cove

\*\*A/N: It is now 10:30pm. I'm so sorry about the lateness of this chapter. A lot has been happening. And, I'm sorry to say that I have a favor to ask of you all. If you really think that this fic is good, you wouldn't mind passing it on to another Big Four fan, would you? It would help. A lot. Again, I'm sorry that it's late and I'm sorry it's rushed.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup had been embarrassed and humiliated many times. The feeling wasn't new and, in fact, he had expected to be either one before lunch.<p>

The earliest case of embarrassment and humiliation he had experienced

goes back to when he was around six years old. It was summer time and, surprisingly, it was hot that day. All the other children were jumping off a small cliff into the cool waters below, doing back flips as they pushed off the land and into the sky. He, however, tried his hardest to climb down the side. Of course, he didn't get very far before Snotlout saw him. Even though all the other kids teased and bullied him, Snotlout was by far the worst. He began calling the poor child names, throwing rocks at him until he fell into the water. Unfortunately, his shorts he made just for swimming made it to the surface before he did. None of them allowed him to live a day without hearing about the accident.

Eyes kept glancing over at him, some even batting lashes in an attempt to flirt with the young fishbone Viking. He sighed and continued staring at the dresses that were spread out before him.

Since Merida's dress was completely ripped apart, he was sent to go buy a new one. His ears shot up at hearing a child's shriek. Since the camp and the town were so far apart, he had to take Toothless along with him. He had left him by the banks of the river behind a bush, not wanting to trek around town with a dragon. And, by the looks of things, nobody had ever seen nor heard of such a beast.

When a group of children came running past him, laughing and shrieking, he sighed in relief that they hadn't found his friend and continued staring at the clothes. Girls around his age stood not too far away, giggling at the sight of his red face. Flustered and frustrated, he grabbed a random dress, pushed the little money he had into the clerk's hands, and ran off to the river. He stuffed the dress crudely into his satchel as he looked around.

"Toothless." He whispered, calling his friend out of hiding.

With a soft coo, the dragon came out from behind the bush and walked over to his rider. Truthfully, he was angry with the human for not taking him. Even though he was rather large and tall when he stood on his back legs, he wouldn't have hurt anyone unless they tried to hurt him and Hiccup. But, he couldn't stay angry at him for long. He allowed the boy on his back, slowly flying into the sky as not to disturb the townsfolk.

It didn't take long for them to return back to camp. If his human had gone alone, though, then it would have taken him much more than two hours. Seeing the fire pit the two had made for everyone, they landed. Jack glanced over from his spot in a tree.

"Did ya get it?" He asked, sitting up completely. "Is it pretty? Put it on and twirl for us, dear."

Hiccup glared at the fire as he made his way to Merida. "Har har, you're hilarious." He mumbled.

When the two first met, the winter child hardly spoke to him at all aside from stories here and there. It was all new to him. After so long of talking to himself, there was finally someone to listen and it felt strange. Most of the time, he would say something and expect it to go in one ear and out the other. Whenever the brunette answered or retorted back, it made his heart jump and his face pool with color

from embarrassment. He still wasn't used to having people talk back even though it's been almost a whole week since the two met.

Merida shook her head, trying her hardest not to crack a smile. She nodded, mumbled a thank you, grabbed the dress, and rushed off into the woods to change. Untying the corset, she stared at the dress that hung on the tree in front of her. It didn't seem all that tight and it was a little darker shade than what she usually wore. After ripping what was left of her dress off, she slipped the new one on; cutting wide slits at the elbows. Her undergarment began poking through the slits as she walked back, just like how her other dresses used to.

As she pushed away stray branches and climbed over fallen logs, she began to wonder about her family. Would her parents actually be looking for her? How angry would her mother be when she got back? More than likely, she would bust a blood vessel from screaming at her. 'How could you do this to me? To everyone!' is how she imagined it would start. Then, it would continue on for hours about how embarrassed her mother was, how her father was worried sick. She groaned as she entered camp, already hearing her mother's voice piercing her ears.

"Are you alright?" Hiccup asked, handing her a stick with fish at the end, already cooked.

She took it and sighed. "Ffine. Jus' thaching about mye mothar."

"Mother?" He asked as he began eating his own dinner.

Merida nodded. "She jus' waounts meh twho dwho whatevar she waounts. Ay down't waount twho get marraid but she jus' won't listan."

It took him a moment before he completely understood what she said. When he did, he pressed his lips together and glanced around, trying not to make eye contact.

He was young when his mother passed, so, he didn't remember much about her. What he did remember were small things. How she would kiss his forehead before he went to sleep, how she would stick up for him when the village complained about the runt. The small memories made him smile and he turned to her.

Jack stared at them for a moment, waiting for someone to break the silence. With a sigh, he leaned into the tree again. "You're so complicated." He mumbled.

Toothless cooed in agreement as he allowed his human to lean against him. It was, indeed, a wonder as to how he could understand the red head. Hiccup sighed and placed another fish on the end of his stick, placing it over the fire. By the time he was done eating, he could tell the eldest teen as asleep. It was confusing the first two days they camped around. There were times the winter child would just lay there and stare at the moon without moving. Then, there were times he moved around trying to get comfortable. The only way he knew that his companion was asleep was when he would hear a soft snoring and see his pale fingers twitch every few minutes. When the snoring was heard over the fire and the hand began to move ever so slightly, he turned to Hiccup turned to her, questions racing through his

head.

"Alright." He said. "Who exactly are you? Why did you want to come with us so bad?"

She jumped, slightly taken back. With narrowed eyes, she looked over every freckle on his face, not wanting to look at his eyes. "Why did youuu let meh coom in the fierst plaace?" She snapped back.

He sighed and rolled his eyes. "I did it for Jack." He explained, staring into the fire. "Not many people can see him or hear him. He's been alone for so long. When he realized you knew he was there, I could see how much he wanted to take you with us."

Silently, he looked at her. "I know what it's like to be alone like that."

The two stayed like this, staring into each other's eyes. Merida took note of how the fire flicked in his evergreen orbs, making it look like a forest on fire. Her eyes began trailing down to his lips. She watched as the corner of his mouth twitched in annoyance. His lips were always twitching right before he began a fight with Jack. Taking the sign of anger, she narrowed her eyes and looked down at the fish she had began roasting.

"If youuu muist knoowâ€|" She started, biting the corner of her lip as she thought of a way to say it. Saying it bluntly would be the best way. "Ay rain aeway twho get aeway from mye mothar. So ay couldan't get marraid."

And it began. She began explaining everything; the clans, her social status as a princess, the traditions her people had. Whenever she brought up anything about her mother, though, she noticed how depressed he looked. His serious face would drop and his eyes would wonder elsewhere. She began to wonder if she should ask him, but, that would only make things worse. If he was sad just listening about a mother, how would he handle talking about his own? He would nod, show that he was listening, and look around the forest almost as if he was searching. She told him about her strengths. Mainly, her archery skills. At one point, he began doubting she could possibly break an arrow with another and spoke his feelings toward the action. She laughed slightly and pushed him, gaining her a flick of the tail to the head.

Toothless stared at the two and snorted. The more they talked, the closer the two physically got to each other. He had to keep pushing his human closer to his stomach. This girlâ€|if they got too close, she'd take his rider away from him. He had to prevent this.

Merida laughed slightly. "Youuu're a Vikang?" She asked. "Look at youuu, thowgh!"

Hiccup chuckled. "Yeah, my dad doesn't believe I'm a Viking, either. To tell you the truth, I don't even want to be one."

"Why?"

"Becauseâ€|we don't really pillage villages like other Vikings. We kill dragons." He said, turning to his partner. He scratched the

scale covered beast between the wings, causing the dragon to coo happily.

She stared at the two friends for a moment, knowing very well the bond they must be sharing. Angus and her had been together since she was little; always getting into trouble, always having each other's backs. There was no way she could imagine having to kill him. With a sigh, she looked up at the winter child still fast asleep in his tree and decided to change the subject with a smile on her face.

"Soâ€|" She started. "Whean did youu fierst hear about Jack Frost?"

He looked up at the sky, trying to think back. "When I was little, my mom used to tell me fairy tales. About princesses and strong warriors; sometimes they were about trolls and wizards. But there was this one story I remember her reading to me about the spirit that brought winter. My dad doesn't believe in magic like that."

"Well, he shouuld, 'cause it's truue." She said, smiling as she nodded toward the older teen in the tree.

Hiccup nodded and chuckled. At first, he didn't really trust the girl. For all he knew, she had stolen that horse and dress. Even though he didn't completely trust her, he still had faith that she wouldn't take their things and run off like the thief he thought her to be. He yawned and looked up at the sky, watching as the moon stared back. By the way it was positioned, he could tell that the sun would soon start rising. Had they really been up all night? Just as he went to close his eyes, Jack fell out of his tree and landed on his face. Strange.

'Usually he lands on his feet.' Hiccup thought as he watched the teen scramble up.

"Alright!" He said, wagging his finger at each member of the group. "Which one of you shot me out of the tree? It was you, wasn't it; you over grown lizard!"

Toothless growled and began standing at the accusation. Jack continued pointing at him, a smirk growing on his face. "You never liked me! You are lucky it's autumn or I'd pound you with snowballs!"

"Jack, calm down." The brunette said, standing up to get in between the two.

The older one shook his head. "No, I was having a good dream until he decided to shoot one of those plasma balls at me!"

"But, Jack," Merida started. "Taoothlass didn't dwho anaything."

The winter child turned to her, confused. He could understand if the dragon hit him out of the tree, but, nobody else had a good enough reason to wake him up. Just as he went to retort back, he felt something shift down into his hands and even fall to his feet. He looked down and expected to see more string from his torn over cloak falling everywhere. Instead, in his hands were small specks of ash. At least, that's what it looked like at first. When he brought it up

closer to his face, he noticed that it glimmered much like the sand that would fly threw the air at night. He narrowed his eyes at the stuff until another shot flew past his head and into the fire pit, putting it out. They all jumped and looked around for the source.

What they did not expect was laughter, slowly becoming louder and making the hairs on their necks stand.

"Look at you allâ€|so jumpy, like mice."

This voiceâ€|

Yesâ€|Jack knew this voice. It talked to him before he came out of the ice. At first, the voice scared him. It was laced with venom and promised to keep him forever in the dark. Then, he slowly opened his eyes; the ice breaking as he surfaced. He had expected the owner of the voice to come forward, to reveal himself. To take him away like he had promised and bring him back into the never ending darkness. But, all he saw was the moon. And, he didn't feel as scared anymore.

Hearing the voice once more, though, brought back those feelings of solitude and fright. It scared him to his very core. He even began stepping backwards, reaching for the dragon that hated him so.

It laughed once more. "Do you think that beast would protect you? Against me?"

Finally, a figure appeared from the shadows. His golden eyes pierced threw their own and made chills slide up their spins. Toothless even seemed a bit frightened of the man, but, still wrapped his tail around the three, growling lowly.

When he was a child, Hiccup was afraid of many things. He was afraid of heights, dragons, his uncle, falling. But mostly, the dark. He spent many nights staring at the dark corner of his room as a young boy, waiting for those same golden orbs to come out and that same laughter to fill the air. His heart dropped into his stomach as his mind began searching for the correct name of the shadowy figure.

"The bogeymanâ€|"

To any adult; the sound of the name would make them fall over laughing. To a child, it was terrifying and, to some groups of friends, taboo to even say it. This man brought the brunette many nightmares and created new fears from them. He could only imagine what he could do to them at that moment.

His eyes twinkled as he glanced over at the dragon rider, his shark teeth showing as he smirked. "Why so formal? Or do you always use titles like that?"

Lifting his hand, he created a small arrow out of the black sand. He looked it over, obviously proud of his creation. "Why don't we go on a name to name basis, eh, Hiccup?"

The look on the poor boy's face made him chuckle. "You may call me Pitch. And I think your trip has gone on far too long." He flicked

his hand, sending the arrow toward the brunette's head.

Toothless swatted it away with his tail, roaring at the shadow man as his friend and the girl climbed on his back. Jack whispered to the wind before jumping into the air, avoiding the arrows of black sand that were shot his way.

Merida threw her arms around Hiccup's waist, bracing herself as they launched into the air. The arrows continued to fire and only made her feel helpless. If only she had her bow and her arrows, she could fight off the man. She looked around, looking for anything that she could throw down. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a knife in Hiccup's boot. She grabbed it and tossed it, moving out of the way just in time to avoid another attack. The rider let out a 'hey' at the feel of the blade leaving his boot and turned around. As the sun came up, it glimmered as it flew down, hitting something in the darkness of the woods. He sighed and turned back around to focus on the sky ahead, relieved that the attacks had stopped.

"Are you alright?" He whispered to the princess.

She nodded and cupped her hands over her mouth. "\*\*\*Jack\*\*! \*\*Arre youu aleight\*\*!?" She screamed.

The winter child paused and waited until they were under him to answer. "I can't understand you!"

"She asked if you were alright!" Hiccup screamed up at his companion.

He shrugged, looking over everything. "I think so!"

Jack turned back to see if they were being followed. Somehow, he could still feel those eyes digging into him, ripping him apart. He had heard of this 'bogeyman' from eavesdropping on children's conversations. From what he had heard, this man haunted them in the night, making their worst nightmares appear in their dreams. Some of the children developed fears from them. One he knew was scared of being in the forest. Another, sadly, was scared of the snow.

He bit his lip as he looked around. Nothing but trees for miles. Wait. That wasn't a tree. His heart began to speed up as he grinned, pointing down to the small cove. If he hadn't had been looking, they would have missed it completely.

"There it is!" He shouted.

As they landed, he took in his surroundings. Yes, there was the small waterfall. And the tree he fought with when he first landed. And there, right in the center of it all was her tower. Some of the color had faded from the shingles and flower pots now lay on the sill where the small doors led in. Moss and ivy climbed up the sides of the fixture, showing just how much time had really passed. He smiled and laughed, jumping around. It wasn't too long before his smile dropped and his laughter went away. A dark feeling began to encase his chest and tighten his stomach, making it turn every which way. What if Pitch had gotten to her? His eyes went wide as he turned to the other three.

Hiccup placed his hands on his hips, raising an eyebrow. "She's up

there?" He asked, Toothless gawking at the tower behind him.

"Yeah." Jack said nodding. "I need one of you to go up there and talk her down, though. She can't see me." He stared at the three for a moment before pointing to Merida. "I suggest you."

"Me?!" She screamed, her voice clear. "Why me?!"

"Well, because you're a woman, she's a woman. She'll trust you more. And, you don't have a dragon breathing down your neck."

Merida glared at him and crossed her arms. "Ay thaink Hiccop should gow."

The brunette bit his lip and looked up at the tower. While the other two began to argue, he walked over to the strange house, slipping his hand into a crack in the stone wall. His friend let out a noise of concern. He turned to him slightly and smiled, beginning his climb. Slowly, his mind began to travel back into his memory. What did he know about this girl? Her hair was blonde, she walked around barefoot, and her name was Rapunzel. Nowâ€¦ how was he going to convince her to come down? With a sigh, he heaved the rest of his body up onto the sill. He looked inside and almost jumped out. Golden hair laid across the floor, seeming to have no end. His eyes followed the strands slowly until he was staring at a pair of emerald eyes. They were wide and frightened, and, for a moment, he thought they were his own. That is, until, the teenaged girl who owned the eyes shrieked, quickly dropping the pie she had just taken out of the oven.

"Who are you?!" She demanded, grabbing her frying pan.

He stepped inside the overly clean tower, putting his hands up. "My name is Hiccup, I'm a friend!"

"No you're not!" She hissed, narrowing her eyes. "You've come to take my hair!"

He shook his head and shuffled to the side, watching as she tried to circle him from a distance. Take her hair? Was this girl insane? He pressed his back up against the wall, his eyes glancing down to see a small chameleon already on his leg, trying it's hardest to bite into him.

'Come on, there has to be something! Something!' He thought.  
'Alright, what did Jack say? Glowing hair, special song, ah! That's it!'

He looked back up at the girl, his hands still in the air. "I know how the frost got on the windows!" As soon as the words left his lips, he turned away and braced himself for the worst.

Strangely, there was silence. No footsteps, no sound of the pan hitting his face. Nothing. He opened his eyes and glanced over at her, slightly surprised. Her eyes were wide and her face softened. She lowered the frying pan, tilting her head. "How do you know about that?"

Hiccup swallowed hard, holding out his hand. "I'm a friend. I've come to take you outside."

Rapunzel stared at his extended hand. How could he have known about the frost on the windows? Nobody else knew but her and possibly her mother. But, her mother was so against leaving the tower, there was no way she could have brought him up here. She stared at the boy's mouth. No fangs. She looked at the boy's hands. No claws. And, he didn't seem like he wanted to hurt her. In fact, he looked scared of her.

She bit her lip and hesitantly reached for his hand.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: What the hell is Merida saying? "Fine. Just thinking about my mother." "She just wants me to do whatever she wants. I don't want to get married but she just won't listen." "Why did you let me come in the first place?" "If you must know...I ran away to get away from my mother. So I couldn't get married." - ADAM

><strong>

\*\*Reviews = Motivation = Chapters

><strong>

\*\*Again, sorry it's rushed. I'm gonna sleep now.\*\*

## 5. Freak out

\*\*A/N: Hey guys! So, I've been on tumblr lately and I've seen that there are many people getting hated on for being themselves. I know what that feels like. It doesn't feel good. So, I want you to tell ten people, in real life or on the internet, doesn't matter, that they are important. That they do matter and that people do love them.  
\*\*

\*\*Because everyone does matter. Everyone is important. Even you. Yes you.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Her eyebrow twitched and the corner of her mouth began to rise, like it always did before she started yelling. "They <em>got <strong>away<strong>\_?!" She hissed, her voice echoing off the bland walls.

"What if they made it to the tower?! What if they took Rapunzel!?" To any innocent bystander, this would have looked relatively normal.

A woman worried about the wellbeing of a child. The only reason she cared about her wellbeing wasn't because of motherly instinct. Oh no, she didn't even fancy the girl. All she worried about was the hair attached.

"If they did, then we'll just get her back. We need to separate all of them anyhow." Pitch said as he began soaking a small cloth in warm water.

That retched red-head.

He had been watching her for a while now from the shadows and, at first, was completely impressed by the teen's amazing aim. Now, though, he found it completely annoying and irritating. If she could throw a blade blindly and still manage to slice his armâ€œ he had to train his nightmares harder; make more of them. He hissed when he placed the damp cloth on his wound, quickly removing it. The cool air pressed against the opening in his arm and slowly, the stinging went away. He looked down at the cloth and sighed; it was now stained with blood. Even though it was darker, thicker than normal humans, it was still blood all the same. With a hiss, he placed the cloth back on and began walking over to one of his nightmares.

"You once told me that frost would appear on your windows during spring." He said, glancing over at Gothel. "Is this true?"

She nodded, crossing her arms over her chest. "When she was a child. But, what does that have to do with anything?!"

Pitch ignored her for a moment, whispering to his nightmare. The nightmare blinked and nodded before running off. Other nightmares that stood around neighed and ran off after their leader, following the order their master gave out.

"Then we have nothing to worry about." He said calmly. "He won't let anything happen to her. He is our solutionâ€œ and our problem."

\* \* \*

><p>"Who is <em>that<em>!?"

Toothless ignored the dull fact that the frying pan being pointed at him was a weapon and continued to sniff it. After his investigation was over, he cooed and stared at the teen in front of him; the flour that once lightly covered the pan now on his nose. The mere sight made her slowly relax and lower the pan.

Hiccup walked over to the two, placing a hand on his friend's head. "This is Toothless." He said. "He's a dragon, but, he won't hurt you."

Her mother hardly ever brought fairytale books into the tower. When she did, they talked about dragons. How fierce they were, how they breathed fire and tore apart houses. The dragons in her books were larger than life and could easily eat a house whole. This dragonâ€œ wasn't at all what she expected. He wasn't that big and he didn't look that mean or scary. And he surely didn't look like he could hurt anyone. She smiled and licked her thumb, whipping the flour that stuck to his nose. He snorted and sneezed, eventually cooing and rubbing his head into her hand.

The brunette stared with wide eyes, shocked by his friend's actions. "He's never done that before."

"Hello to you, too, Toothless." She giggled. "I'm Rapunzel."

As soon as the name flew off her lips, his ears perked and he turned to Jack who silently watched from afar. He let out a noise of encouragement before nodding toward the blonde.

There were many nights where the winter child wouldn't stop talking

about the girl. Some of those nights, he worried. Worried that they might never be able to find her, that she might not remember those times they spent together, that she'd never see him. Most nights were freezing cold and full of snow due to his crazy emotions. So, why wasn't he running right up to her?

As Rapunzel stood up, Jack gave her a small smile. She looked down at Toothless for a moment then looked back up at him. Every step she took made his heart skip a beat. His knees buckled, ice wrapped over his hands. The closer she got, the wider his smile became until it was a goofy grin; the same grin he beamed when she was little. For a second, their eyes met and caused a light purple to color his cheeks. Oh, he couldn't wait to talk to her and have her reply for the first time. He couldn't wait to tell her about where the lights that appeared on her birthday came from, draw in the frost with her, and just overall get to know her better.

When she stopped in front of him, he exhaled softly and allowed stammered attempts of a greeting flow out of his mouth. "H-hiâ€uh, you might not remember me bu-"

"Toothless, what're you looking at?"

The grin he held slowly fell and ice started to form around the corners of his eyes. With shaking hands, he reached forward. He wasn't at all surprised when his hand began to turn blue and weave around like smoke.

Merida turned to Hiccup, seeing that he wasn't surprised either. Within the week the two had known each other, he had seen this many times. Some days, he would follow the brunette into town to help gather food. When the event first happened, he yelped and jumped into a crowd of adults. Everyone stared at him for the rest of the day. Now, it wasn't that big of a deal to see. He sighed and walked over to the blonde, placing a hand on her shoulder.

"He's staring at that sun spot over there." He said. "Come meet Merida."

As the two girls talked, he turned to look at Jack and breathed a soft apology. If he were to tell Rapunzel the truth, he would have to do it slowly; gain her trust first. There was no way she would accept the truth about the frost on her windows if he told her now. Who would believe it anyway; a white-haired invisible teen created the frost and brings all the snow. He didn't even believe it at first.

The blonde smiled and turned to him. "Where are we going?" she asked. That was a very good question. Now that they had her, where were they going to go? What were they going to do?

"Anywhere." The eldest said, walking up to them. "Hic, when did you say your dad was coming home?"

He bit his lip. That's right, his father. He should be back by now. At least, he hoped he'd be back. There were many times where five ships would sail and only two would come back. Every time his father went, he feared the worst. Still, he always came back.

Hiccup nodded. "We'll go into town first to get supplies then head to

Berk." He turned to the girls, smiling at their confused faces. "My village."

Rapunzel gasped. "Are there other dragons there, too?!" She asked with a grin.

Merida glanced over at Toothless before looking over at the newest member of the group. "Aye, there arre."

The blonde gasped happily as she imagined many dragons flying, riders on their backs. She began to imagine one of her own; flying around on her, going to places she's never gone before.

"The'ye kill theam." The red-head said, quickly bursting the girl's fantasy bubble.

"What?!"

"Merida!" Both boys shouted.

She nodded. It was a cruel fact to tell someone so innocent, but, she was going to learn sooner or later. And sooner seemed like the better option to her. Especially since they might arrive sometime that night.

The newest member looked over at Toothless, almost on the brink of tears. "So, you'll have to kill him?"

"What? No!" Hiccup shook his head and stood by his friend, scratching his favorite spot. "I can't kill him. And you won't have to kill anyone, either. You just need to make sure nobody finds out about him."

She nodded, agreeing. With that, they began walking to town as to not tire the dragon out with flying. All the while, Merida kept glancing over at strange pair; the human and the beast. The same words kept repeating in her head, 'I can't kill him'. Well, of course he could. Anyone could, actually. She could if she wanted to right now; pick up a rock and attack him. True, it would be hard, but, it could be done. She sighed as she thought back to the night before and yawned. They shared many stories and tips, little things about themselves. Not one of those stories, however, told of the time the pair met. And, she found it strange that out of all the tales he could have told, he told of all the mistakes he had made.

He can't kill him. Was it he couldn't because of his physical stature or was it because of something much deeper? She shook her head. If he wanted people to know, he would have started talking about it rather than this nonsense about eels he was telling the other girl.

It didn't take long until Rapunzel turned to her, starting up a conversation. For the rest of the walk, the girls talked about their mothers. How the blonde's kept her locked in a tower for seventeen years and how the red-head's was forcing her to marry. The other liked the idea of marriage while the victim did not. She continued on about how her mother was willingly throwing her into the arms of a complete stranger, about how her mother was a stick in the mud, a control freak, and other such things.

Jack turned to the brunette as the two talked, seeing his eyebrow

twitch. He knew the subject of family, particularly mothers, was a tough subject for him. Whenever they were in town, he would try to distract him and pull him away from certain stores because families would start pouring in. He tried to protect the other, not wanting to see him as down as he was at that moment. They weren't best friends. They teased, they pulled each other's hair, they fought. From observing others for so long, there was only one other set of people that did these things yet, still cared for one another. Brothers. He wasn't sure if the other felt like a brother to him, but, that's okay if he didn't.

Placing a hand on the Hiccup's shoulder, he smiled slightly. "You alright?" He asked.

"Fine. Why?" The other asked, glancing over at him as he whispered.

"Just wondering." He said as he shook his head.

Silence over took the two for the rest of the walk. In a way, he was lying and speaking the truth. He was fine with the girls talking about their mothers. What he wasn't okay with was the lack of things he knew about his own. He hardly had any memories of the woman and what memories he did have were now fading away.

Bells from a nearby church began ringing, signaling that it was noon. As soon as buildings came into sight, Rapunzel seemed to have this bounce to her step. She ran off onto the bridge that stood between them and the town, staring with wide eyes. Many times she had imagined what a place like this would look like. Sometimes, when her mother was away, she'd set the tower up to look like a small kingdom which she ruled proudly with her trusty chameleon, Pascal, by her side. She looked down at her small friend that sat on her shoulder and smiled, turning to the rest of the group to let out a small giggle.

Hiding Toothless under the bridge, the four of them walked into town. The newest jumped around everywhere and went into every store. Merida turned to Jack, raising an eyebrow. "Why is shee sooo?" She asked, gesturing toward the girl.

The white-haired teen chuckled. "This is the first time she's been out of her tower." He said. "She's just excited is all."

She smiled and shook her head, continuing to follow the three. Back home, most of the buildings were made out of dark wood and gray stones. The main colors she saw everyday were red, orange, and green. This kingdom, this small town was full of many different colors. Blues and purples, yellows and whites. She couldn't help but get a little excited herself. Not enough to jump around like Rapunzel, but, enough where she had an extra spring in her step and smile on her face.

Many stores were open and held many things she had never seen before. That is, until she found the blacksmith's. Her eyes had never been so wide. Swords sat on walls, axes on tables. And, off in the back sat a small rack full of bows and arrows.

"How much?" She asked the blacksmith, her accent not so thick due to her excitement.

He shrugged and walked over, looking at the rack of wooden weapons. "Wellâ€|twenty for a bowâ€|five for each arrow."

With the biggest grin she could give, she unhooked her necklace and handed it to him. "Hoow manny arrows can I geat with this?" She asked.

His eyes went wide at the pure silver pendent. The crest it bore was much different and completely foreign to what he had seen in his lifetime. Three bears were etched into the expensive metal, small emeralds in place as their eyes. He nodded and looked down at the mysterious teen. "At least fifty or so. And a bow."

The red-head giggled loudly, flipping through the bows. There were so many styles, all in different shades of wood. Some were plain, others held designs and were stained colorfully. Oak, mahogany, maple, so many types of wood. She stared for a moment before choosing one. It wasn't all that extravagant; simple pine with a thin layer of leather right in the middle for holding. She pulled the bow back as if it held an arrow and released. It all held together nicely, no cracking. With a nod, she turned to the blacksmith.

"This bouw annd the muatching arrows." She said.

He nodded and watched as the strange girl picked up what she needed. Muttering a thank you, she seemed to skip as she left the shop.

Merida strapped the arrows to her waist and looked around for signs of the others. It wasn't long before she found both boys staring at a stained glass mural of a family. More than likely, this was the royal family. She walked up to it, looking the whole thing over. A mother, the queen, and a father, the king, held a small baby girl that looked all too familiar. On the ground in front of the portrait stood teddy bears and flowers; dead and alive.

Jack leaned against his crook as he stared, an eyebrow raised. That hair, that smile, those eyes. He had seen them all before. Rapunzel held the same green eyes and the same golden hair. Glancing over at the other two, he could tell they connected the dots as well. She was about six, maybe seven years old when he first met her; her hair had already began to drag across the floor. Usually, around that time of life, the child looks more like their mother than anything else. The more he stared at them, though, he noticed that she looked nothing like her mother. She looked more like the woman holding the child in this mural.

He turned to Hiccup, watching as a small smile played on his lips. "Who does this remind you of?" He asked the two but only turned to Merida. Which was fine, he was used to it by now.

She nodded as she threw her bow over her shoulder. It was clear that this was Rapunzel and her family. If nobody noticed it after at least ten seconds of staring, there must have been something wrong with them. The white-haired teen shook his head as he walked up to the wall.

"Butâ€|if these are her parents, then who is that lady she calls mother?" He asked, turning to them.

They shook their heads, unable to answer. With bags in hand, they continued on gathering supplies. It didn't take long to fill the three they had with fruits, meats, a blanket, and other things they thought they might need. When they finished, they crossed the bridge and called Toothless out of hiding before beginning their walk deep into the forest. They could have taken off right then and there, but, it was daytime. Everyone would be able to see him and, as soon as they did, they'd begin to panic.

Hiccup and Jack began strapping the bags onto the saddle while the girls conversed. They talked about small things; how nice the weather was, how it'd be nice to sleep in an actual bed soon. Rapunzel turned to Merida, smiling as her hands played with her frying pan.

"So," She started. "what's your kingdom like?"

The other turned to her, biting the corner of her lip. "It's awlright." She said with a nod. "Don' have theat much colour, though. Annd it's ruuled by my eviel mother." She rolled her eyes as she finished, still angry with her mum.

"Now why would you say that about your mother? I'm sure she's really nice."

The red-head sent her a look of sureness that her parent was evil. "I hate herr."

As soon as the words trickled off her lips, the brunette slammed the bag of blankets and other things on the ground. He had just about enough of this. The girls turned to him in shock. Jack took a step back and raised his hands, seeing the steam come from his reddened ears.

"You hate your mom, alright, we get it!" Hiccup screamed as he turned to the princess. "You know, you should consider yourself lucky that you have a mother! Some people don't have one!"

Everyone's eyes went wide including his own, tears pulling at the sides of his. He shook his head and looked away, his arms flailing as he talked; a usual thing. "My mom died when I was little. I can't remember much about herâ€|" He bit his lip and looked back at the princess. "You know, maybe she's doing this because it's what she thinks it's best."

Merida's eyes began to burn with fire as she glared at the dragon rider. "She doesn't know what's best for me! Only I know that!" She screamed, her words coming out clear due to anger.

"She's thinking about your future! She cares enough to worry about your future! My father wants nothing to do with me! He's ashamed to go out in public with me because I'm nothing but a mistake!"

The world went silent save for the teen's heavy breathing. Usually, he wouldn't burst out like this. He would have just shaken it off and brushed it from his shoulders. But, this was enough. She had to see that what her mother was doing, she was doing out of love. She had to see that her mother was only thinking about her. His thin hands uncurled from the fists he made and his head dropped. The others stared at each other, not knowing what to do or what to say. With a

sigh, he climbed up onto Toothless and patted the seat behind him. Rapunzel bit her lip and hesitantly sat down, wrapping her arms around his waist. Merida followed suit and soon they were up in the air heading for Berk.

The brunette pressed his lips together, trying his hardest not to look at the sniffling girl in the way back. What he said couldn't be taken back and knowing this, his chest tightened.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Sorry if the beginning is rushed and looks horrible. Something went wrong with my computer and I couldn't save so I had to rewrite it everyday over and over. Sorry if they seem out of character. - ADAM  
><strong>

\*\*Reviews = Motivation = Chapters\*\*

## 6. Welcome to Berk

\*\*A/N: Bahh. Spring allergies. And this heat. BAHHH. I'm dying. Anyway, on with the show and whatnot.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"This is amazing!"<p>

Most of the ride was spent in silence aside from Merida's occasional sniffling. The tension between the four was so thick, they were surprised they could still breathe. Once they reached the ocean, Hiccup glanced back at the red-head, frowning at her puffy eyes. Jack had eventually started rubbing circles on her back to help calm her down. It took almost an entire hour for the tension to disappear but, it only brought awkwardness to the group. Nobody spoke until Rapunzel exclaimed how thrilling it was to ride a dragon.

The brunette nodded in agreement. "It is amazing!" He mumbled, his voice cracking slightly.

With each island they passed, the more his heart began to rise to his head, beating in his ears. The air was getting colder which meant they were close. All he could think about was his father as he searched the waters. If his father were to look up and see the dragon, it would be horrible. They would be shot down into the waters and left to drown. He took a deep breath as Berk came into view, trying to calm his nerves.

The blonde behind him gasped and pointed to the land, her eyes wide with obvious wonder. "Is that your village?" She asked.

He nodded. "That's my village. Welcome to Berk."

Hiccup had expected a comedic remark from the winter child and the firey princess, but, nothing came out of their mouths. Strange, really. Jack wasn't known for being so quiet. Usually, he'd talk nonstop. Looking up at him now, he could tell his attention was fully set on Rapunzel. It was horrible. He was so close to her, yet, she was so far from him. It made the brunette want to take the girl by

the shoulders and tell her everything; ask her questions as well. She wouldn't have believed him, though, and she might feel insulted by the questions he wanted to ask about her mum. After all, the child in the mural could be someone internally different and he could just be over thinking things.

A theory was just that, a theory. In time, if he feels she trusts him enough, he'll tell her.

As the cove came into sight, Toothless slowly began lowering himself down until he touched the ground. Merida was the first to get off.

Back home, they had many beautiful fields. Some full of trees and others full of flowers. The most amazing sights, though, were those she saw on morning practices. Standing over the cliffs of her land, the sun made the waters look like liquid fire and everything felt magical. And as the sun set, the cool purple the sky set off mixed with the trees so stunningly. This, though, was seemingly perfect.

It was night and the moon was full, shinning off the small pond to create waved lights on every surface the cove held. The effect made it look like they were truly underwater. She quickly exhaled and smiled at the sight. With cupped hands, she walked over to the pond and scooped up some water, drinking it. She coughed as she sat down, whipping her mouth on her sleeve. The taste of algae still swam across her tongue, causing her to let out a noise of disgust.

"Yeah, that isn't exactly the kind of water you want to be drinking." The Viking said as he sat next to her.

He handed her a canteen full of fresh, cold water which she drank most of. She smacked her lips and stared down at the reflections in the water. Hiccup was staring at his own, his face showing the regret he must be feeling. The whole outburst ran through her mind again and again, making her rethink a lot about not only the boy but her mother as well. Maybe she was just doing this for her future. And, maybe, Merida went a little too far.

She rubbed her arm and looked away, sighing. "Look, yer-"

"I'm sorry, Merida." He interrupted. She turned to stare at him, watching him rub his own arm as well. "I'm sorry I snapped like that. I-I justâ€|am sorry. Really, really, sorry. I crossed a line I shouldn't have crossed."

'It's my fault, anyway...' She admitted to herself. With a small smile, she placed a hand on his shoulder. "It's alright, Hiccop. I'm sorry, too."

He looked at her and smiled. Heaving himself up, he picked up a stick and stared at the pond. "Now, we just need to catch dinner for Toothless."

"On it."

Most of the fish swam in the deepest parts of the water, coming close to shore every once in a while. As Hiccup slipped off his boots, he heard the sound of a bow firing and turned to see the princess

pulling the arrow from the water, a fish dangling from the middle. He really needed to learn how to use one of those.

Once she slipped it off and tossed it to the side, Toothless took the chance to pounce and eat the fish whole without a care in the world. Rapunzel had offered him berries and dried beef but, he wasn't one to eat such things. When his friend shooed him away, he waddled off to the blonde and laid down, watching as she popped a few blueberries into her mouth.

Jack sat in a tree and watched as well, chewing on his own slice of dried meat. He would have sat next to the girl; making frost appear on the ground and draw with her once more. If he did, though, how would the rest of them explain floating food? He sighed and ate his last bite of dinner. The wind whispered to him, almost encouraging him to go down to her. Arguing for a moment, he jumped down and walked over, sitting on the log beside the girl. So many years had passed, his first friend now seemed like a stranger. As a child, she hated blackberries. Yet, as he watched her finish the blueberries, she went right after the darker ones without hesitation. It struck him in the chest because, now he began to think about all the things she used to love. Used to. What if she doesn't like certain things now? What if she doesn't like painting anymore or playing pretend? What if she didn't like drawing in frost now?

He shook his head. No. There was no way she changed that much. He had to think positive. With a smile, he turned to her and just stared. "I thought you hated those."

Toothless looked up slightly and watched with pity as he aimlessly conversed. "I guess they're good now, huh?" Jack asked, his smile getting smaller.

His acid green eyes looked up at Rapunzel then back at the thorn in his side. Truthfully, he found it sad. At least he answered to Hiccup.

He nudged the girl slightly in the arm, nodding toward the white-haired boy when she looked over. "What is it, Toothless?" She asked, looking around. "Is something wrong?"

The teen sighed and shook his head. "Nice try." He said, standing up and scratching him behind the ears.

As he walked away, the dragon's ears fell back in depression. The blonde began petting him softly and continued to comfort him as best she could, even though she didn't know what was wrong. She whispered happy thoughts to the beast, offering dried beef to see if he was just hungry. When he declined, she looked around to see a large pile of fish sitting by the pond. Merida stripped her arrow of one more and threw it on top, smiling.

It felt good to have a bow again. There was just something about holding the wooden weapon in her hand that gave her power and strength. As long as she had it, she could do anything.

The brunette next to her sighed and threw his makeshift spear off to the side. "Well, that should do it for tonight."

The walk wasn't very long but, it still gave time for them to talk.

Hiccup explained what he could about his village and it's lifestyle. He spoke about the other teens his age, his father, everybody. Rapunzel asked many questions about many things. Were the people nice, where were they going to stay, did the style of their clothes matter? All the while, she ignored the cold ground. During chilly autumn days like this, the floors in her tower would get freezing. Usually, she would start a fire in the fireplace and wait until everything became warm. This wasn't a usual day, though, and there was no fireplace around. Every few minutes, she stopped and rubbed her bare feet together to get feeling back in them.

Jack looked over at her with a frown. Being the spirit of winter, he couldn't feel the cold. His body always seemed to be numbed by it. He wouldn't understand the stinging needles she felt in her feet or see his own become blue just as hers were doing. Still, he knew it couldn't be good for her. Placing a hand on the Viking's shoulder, he whispered into his ear about getting the poor girl some shoes. The two silently whispered to each other about the subject until the first building appeared.

The blonde gasped at the deigns, the colors. It was all so foreign to her. Most of the wood carvings looked like dragon heads oddly enough. She raced ahead of the group and gapped at everyone. They were all so big compared to her! If anyone were to hug her, she might snap in half.

It didn't seem likely they would do such an act at the moment. The people of Berk kept staring at her, giving her strange looks. Hiccup and Merida scooped up her hair as best they could, finally catching up to her.

"Hiccup, this is where you grew up?" She asked, looking over toward the sea. "It's amazing!"

He shrugged. "It's nothing, really. You get bored of it after a while." Hoisting the hair over his shoulder, he began walking. "I know how we can fix this. We can just cut it."

"No!" Rapunzel turned to him, terrified. She looked down at her friend Pascal then at her twiddling fingers, not sure if she should tell them.

The red-head looked over at Jack, raising an eyebrow. He shrugged and looked over at his now stranger. "She doesn't know you know. Don't cut her hair, please."

Both hair carriers nodded. "That's alright. Astrid and Ruffnut would know what to do." The brunette said, leading them away from the village square.

Thankfully, the girls weren't off training individually. In fact, it took only a moment to find them after asking someone. The two were in the great hall eating their lunch. Upon entering, Merida's eyes went wide. Her father had told her countless stories about Vikings. How they chop off the heads of their enemy's leaders and rest them on their walls proudly. As she looked around, she didn't see much on their walls at all. Portraits of past leaders and their sons hung in a line, a golden dragon swung over them all, a sword in it's torso. There were no heads at all.

Hiccup walked over and began talking to the girls, gaining the princess' attention. She stared at him, smiling slightly as he fumbled over his words and gestured his hands all about. When he first said he was a Viking, she couldn't believe him. There was no way someone like him could be one of the invaders from the sea. He was too small, too weak, too sweet. Wait. What was she thinking? She shook her head at the thought and finally noticed the glare the blue clad warrior sent her.

Finally, he waved Rapunzel over and sat her hair down on the girl's laps. Amongst the many sounds that bounced off the walls, she caught an introduction. Ruffnut began asking the blonde about her hair while Astrid continued sending her nasty looks. With a raised nose, the red-head sent one back.

"Cat fight?" Jack asked, leaning against his crook as he watched them.

Merida sighed and rubbed her temple. "Noo. Why woould youu think that?" She asked.

He smirked and looked over at her. Every time she spoke, it was like a riddle to him. Her accent was so thick, it was hard to understand exactly what she was saying. He could be horrible and tease her, asking if he was supposed to understand that. But, she looked stressed enough.

"Because you and miss glares-a-lot are having a mean staring contest." He said, looking over to see the dragon rider sit by Astrid. "And, from the way I see it, she's winning."

She looked over and watched as Hiccup and the girl talked, something twisting inside her. What was this feeling? Her heart was racing and her stomach flopped, her legs aching to walk over. Only once had she felt this way. As a small child, she had felt this way toward her father. He had something she didn't; a bow and arrows. No, there was no way she was jealous. It wasn't possible. Was it?

Jack looked over at the archer then back at the Viking girl and back again. He repeated this process a few times before he smiled, his mouth wide. "Oh, no way." He finally said.

"Wha'?" She asked, almost glaring as she glanced at him.

He scuffed and looked at her completely. "No way."

"Wha'?" Her voice raised slightly.

"You're jealous!" He exclaimed, pointing to the two Berk natives. "You're jealous of them! You think she's going to take Hiccup away from you!"

"I'd never!"

For that moment, she forgot where she was. Everybody eating lunch at that moment stared at her with strange looks, the same looks they gave Rapunzel earlier. Quickly, she regained herself and cleared her throat.

He chuckled as he watched her storm over to Hiccup once they were

done with Rapunzel. Once he saw them heading toward the doors, he ran after them and laced an arm around the brunette's shoulders. "So, where too next?"

"Homeâ€œ|" the other said, clearly dreading every step he took. "My dad's backâ€œ|"

The white-haired teen nodded and turned, expecting flowing hair at his feet. Instead, there was just grass. He looked up with slightly wide eyes at the sight. Never had he seen the girl with her hair up. It was always down and dragging across the floor. He reached over and hovered his fingers just above the dully colored pieces of cloth that littered her hair. She had it braided several times in all different sizes. It amazed him. When she turned to talk to Merida, the world fell silent. For a slight second, her eyes met his and his heart dropped into his stomach. His legs stopped working until she looked away, allowing him to continue forward.

She had done this a few times before on the ride to the island village and every time she did, he hoped that it was the moment that she finally would see him. That she would say his name, hug him, and draw with him. But, his fantasy world would fall as soon as she would look away.

A warm hand slipped onto his shoulder and he looked up, gaining an apologetic look from the small Viking. As soon as he heard that same Viking's name in a strong, unmoving voice, he sent one back.

"There you are, son!" Stoick the Vast stood up from his place on the front steps, his large arms opened wide. "Gobber said you had gone camping. Who is this?" He asked, pointing one of his sausage like fingers at the girls trailing behind.

Hiccup looked back at them before staring up at his father. "They're, uh, friends, dad. I found them in a boat wreckage."

Rapunzel waved and stuck out her hand. The village leader stared at her for a moment, hesitantly shaking her small hand. This girl was so small, he was afraid he was going to break her little fingers. "This is Rapunzel and Merida."

The princess in question stared with almost wide eyes. There was no way him and the brunette were related. He was towering over all of them, his shoulders broad and arms buffed. His son was one of the shortest of the group, his arms like noodles and his body as thin as a toothpick.

Stoick stared at her as well, not sure if he should hold out his hand. Her hair was as red as fire and reminded him much of the monsters that had attacked his own village's boats years ago.

She gave him her hand, clearing her throat. "Nice to meet, youu." Her accent caused him to narrow his eyes and glance at his son.

With a nod, he walked into his home. Hiccup sighed and lead them in. This was going to be a long night.

\* \* \*

><p>The fog that covered the land made it seem scarier then it

actually was. Behind all of it was nothing but stone ruins. A set of bones here and there, maybe a sword stuck in a pile of rubble, but, that was it.<p>

Still, she held the dagger in her hand tightly and kept her ears open for any other movement.

The only light they had was given off by the moon. Which, Pitch found funny. In a way, the Man in the Moon was helping him get what he wanted; the very boy MiM took away all those years ago.

After all those centuries in the shadows alone, he finally had someone. He remembered how the boy still looked scared even after he had died. It felt amazing to have someone with him for all of one night. As the child's hair turned white and he blinked his blue eyes open, he could tell that he was no longer his.

No, he was Manny's property now. That was soon about to change, though, as he whistled for the dark being hidden in a makeshift cave. A deep growl echoed throughout the ruins and made Gothel jump.

"What was that?" She asked, getting her dagger ready.

"Uh, uh, ah." Pitch said as he lowered her hand. "We don't want to scare our little friend, now do we?"

A rather large black creature emerged, its fur covered with weapons and arrows of fallen warriors. It looked up at the two with one dead eye.

Gothel looked up at the Bogeyman, an eyebrow raised. "A bear?"

"Not just any bear." He explained. "The most feared bear in all the land. Mor'du."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: This chapter was hard but I got through it. - ADAM\*\*

\*\*Reviews = Motivation = Chapters\*\*

## 7. Tour of the Village

\*\*A/N: I am so sorry, guys. I had lost the plans for this and had to re-write it all. About 45-50 chapters. It might not be that much anymore and I'm sorry for the long wait. But I have no intention of leaving this. I promise.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>It was hard for him to lay there and listen to the fighting that went on downstairs. Hiccup and his father had been going at it for a good few minutes, but, it still felt longer than that. And it was strange that it did; years seemed to go by quicker than these measly minutes. Jack began to wonder why that was.<p>

How could something so small be longer than something so large? It didn't make sense to him. Time always seemed to fly right by him to

the point of where he couldn't remember the day. Then he began wondering what day it was. Maybe it was Thursday. It felt like a Thursday.

He stared at the ceiling in thought, trying his hardest to ignore the bickering downstairs. Many times he tried to count the number of times he had seen the moon and the number of fire pits the brunette and his dragon always made, always loosing count when he noticed a shadow on the ceiling. Jack would grip his crook each time he saw one, thinking that it was a friend of Pitch's. Of course, the shadow would disappear into darkness and would be nothing more than a memory. Sighing, he turned and stared at Rapunzel who slept soundly next to him.

Over the years, he had seen many people sleep yet, he had never seen someone sleep with a smile. It seemed very uncomfortable.

Light from Hiccup's sky light window shined in and tickled individual strands of hair that hung in her face. It surprised him that, for someone who had never been outside, she was really tan. He reached out and hovered his hand over her cheek, noticing the huge difference in skin shades. She shivered under the presence of his hand and turned over in her sleep, curling up to keep herself warm. The teen sighed and pulled his hand away.

"You're going to have to wake up soon." He mumbled as he sat up. "I'm sure Hiccup will show you around the village."

'\_Since I can\_'\_t\_â€|'

It was getting bad. This need to talk to her, to know her better than he had before; it was eating him alive. He had to keep himself from shaking either Hiccup or Merida and scream at them to tell Rapunzel about him. Of course, he understood that they needed her trust. But it still didn't help ease the aches.

More light entered the room and soon served as a pleasant alarm clock to those sleeping around him. Jack jumped when he heard Hiccup yawn from his bed, not really hearing him when he walked up the steps in the first place. Looking over, he tried his best to share the same zombie like expression the other always held when he first wakes up.

Again, Hiccup yawned and stared at his feet for a moment before finally noticing the teen staring. "Good morning, Jack." He mumbled in a weak sort of way.

"Morning, Hic." He groaned back, giving his best fake yawn. "Did you sleep well?"

The brunet shook his head and looked around his room. Due to all the commotion, fighting, and swears he and his father exchanged, Merida ended up walking back to the cove and slept with Toothless. He sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose. "Head hurtsâ€|"

Jack frowned at the comment. "Maybe it's because you're so used to sleeping like a baby, curled up next to Toothless that your body wasn't ready for that wooden Viking bed of yours."

"Maybeâ€|" Hiccup played with the bits of hair that stuck up while he

slept, trying his best to press them back down into their original shape. Being back in his own bed was both a blessing and a curse. It was comforting being home but very less comforting actually staying home. His gaze slowly moved from the floor, to Jack, and then to Rapunzel. "Let's wake her up and head to the cove."

Sleep was a great luxury in Berk. Most of the time, people just rested their eyes. Dragon attacks were so frequent that it wasn't uncommon to see bags under your neighbor's eyes. When any villager did get to sleep and stay that way it was best not to disturb them. Hiccup had learned that the hard way as a child, almost gaining himself a hammer to the face, thrown by his father. So, when it came time to wake up the blonde, he readied himself with a shield that always leaned against the end of his bed. There was no telling just how she would react to being woken up. Jack lightly chuckled at the sight of the so called Viking creeping closer to the foreign girl with fear in his eyes. He poked the side of the shield against her shoulder and quickly ducked, hiding completely behind the thick circle of wood. To his surprise, she yawned and stretched her arms up in the happiest manner possible. Hiccup's eyes went wide as he peeked over the shield.

Rapunzel turned with a smile, pushing loose strands of hair behind her ear. "Good morning, Hiccup. Did you sleep well?" The cheeriness in her voice was unearthly and all around never heard before in his life.

He sat there, not really knowing what to say or do. "Uhh, y-yeah." He cleared his throat as he stood, tossing the shield aside. "Yeah, I slept good. Um, how about you?"

She let out a small giggle. "I slept alright."

Jack stood up, swinging his crook slightly as his chuckle became an all out laugh. "You were so scared over a girl!" His laugh got even louder when the brunet's face turned about as red as the Scottish princess' hair.

"Let's head to the cove." He mumbled, rubbing his arm in humiliation. "Maybe I'll show you around after breakfast."

For some odd, but understandable reason, Jack felt a sharp tug be pulled on his chest. It was small and painful like an eyelash in one's eye. So, like any eyelash, he rubbed at it, his knuckles turning white as he did.

He silently watched as the two walked down the stairs; Rapunzel tip toeing as not to wake Stoick. Both boys found this amusing and Hiccup tried his hardest not to laugh. His father was an extremely heavy sleeper.

Most of the village was still asleep as well. A few birds flew around here and there, the cattle from a nearby farm could be heard waking up, the marketplace was just being woken as well. The blonde smiled at it all and examined almost every detail; how the air held the faintest stench of rotten fish and burnt pine being her favorite. She twisted her braids in her hands, trying to redo some of the smaller ones that had become slightly undone during the night.

The three were quiet as they walked, making it seem like the trek was

painfully longer than it actually was. Hiccup constantly opened and closed his mouth, trying to think of something to say or ask. Jack chuckled at his attempts, covering his own mouth as if anyone else could hear him. Rapunzel resorted to weaving dandelions into her braids to pass the time. Not many flowers seemed to grow on Berk â€“ the island mainly consisting of trees, weeds, and bushes â€“ but it was fine with her. A weed, after all, is just the ugly duckling of flowers.

Placing her final dandelion at the base of her main braid, she sighed contently and looked out over the cove. From the inside it was beautiful but from aboveâ€œit was extraordinary.

"Here, let me help you." Hiccup said, climbing down the first set of boulders. He reached out his hand to the girl.

She stared at him for a moment before finally smiling and taking his in her own. Her hand felt weird against his. His hand was rougher than her own, each crease feeling deeper than it probably was while her own was much softer, remnants of wax still on her finger nails.

"Thank you." She muttered, tucking a small braid behind her ear.

Jack raised an eyebrow at this and watched closely as the other boy helped her down the awkward, natural staircase. He stared at their hands, their eyes, taking note of their every movement. It wasn't until they reached the bottom that he looked down at his own chapped hands.

Rapunzel muttered a 'thank you', brushed off the bottom of her dress, and slowly leaned down to lay in the grass. It smelt so sweet, so fresh, and it tickled her feet ever so slightly. Sure there were some dry patches that crunched under her, but she would take that feeling over a tiled floor any day.

Rolling his eyes, Hiccup looked across the small pond. Merida was still asleep, curled up against the supplies in a blanket. The sun's rays seemed to give her hair a yellow tinge, making it look like she was on fire. He swallowed hard and walked toward her. Perhaps, if Rapunzel reacted in such a nice way, this red haired princess might wake up with the same smile.

He reached out his hand as he got closer. "Merida, it's time to wa-"

Sadly, his assumption was wrong. She did not wake up with a smile and unnatural love for life like the blonde had. She had woken up with bow in hand, arrow pointed straight at his rounded nose. His mind screamed at him to run but he stayed still, staring into her crystal blue eyes with his hands up in the air.

Lowering her bow, she shook her head. "Sorree." She muttered, throwing her arrows and bow over her shoulder.

"Uh, it's, uh, it's fine. You know, completely used to it." Hiccup lowered his hands to his sides. "So, how did you and Toothless get along last night?"

Merida pulled an apple from one of the bags of supplies. "We didn't." She waved her free hand off toward the small cave of roots. "He slept over there."

By this time, Rapunzel had stood up, grass stains on her skin and dress. She looked into the strange cave and saw two large, fully green eyes blinking themselves open. A low purr echoed throughout the cove, alerting the others. Toothless' eyes blinked at her as they stared at each other, his ears perking up. The action reminded her of something. A type of animal. Oh, what was it called? Ah! That's right!

"He's like a cat." She smiled and walked over to the supplies. "Just a cute little thing."

"Cute?" Jack raised an eyebrow at her comment.

"Little?" Hiccup shook his head, gesturing toward his best friend. "A Terrible Terror is little and cute. Night Furies are ~~are~~ huge and ferocious!"

Merida looked unimpressed by the Viking's attempt, biting into an apple before she spoke. "Ferocious, huh?"

"Oh, Toothless is a big ol' sweet heart." Pulling out a fish ~~â€"~~ cod to be exact ~~â€"~~ Rapunzel turned to the large eyes that had focused on her since they had opened. "Come get your breakfast before we eat it." She said happily.

The dragon jumped at attention and quickly ran, nearly taking her hands off as he pulled the fish away. He threw it up into the air, catching it in his mouth and allowing it to slide down his throat. Merida raised an eyebrow as she stared with a disgusted look. The thing didn't even chew his food! And he ate it raw!

"Tha's weird." She muttered, turning back to the supplies for more apples.

Hiccup shrugged and scratched Toothless behind one of his ears. "It's how a dragon eats." Jack smirked and nodded, leaning against the brunet. "Yeah, maybe he thinks you eat weird."

The red head's nose wrinkled at the comment and angrily bit into another apple. That boy was getting on her last nerve, giving her half the mind to shoot him between the eyes. She looked down at her bow and began to wonder; would her arrows actually hurt the winter spirit or would they pass right through him? Her hand twitched as she ached to test it out.

Rapunzel took what they had of fish out and laid it on the ground for the overgrown reptile, smiling happily as she took a few bananas and strawberries out for herself. Hiccup sat next to her as he munched on a small half of bread. He glanced around and smiled slightly, watching as the two girls chatted and giggled. It had been a while since he had eaten with others instead of just eating in the same place or room as everyone else. And honestly, it felt strange yet welcoming.

Jack decided to keep his distance, leaning against Toothless as he watched the three eat together. He could feel the ground beneath him

turn smooth and solid as he thought. Usually when he watched a group of people eat, they looked relatively alike. Same build, same style of clothes, same hair color most of the time. But watching the rest of the small group sit around each other, it was like having a seashell, a tree, and a burning coal sit next to one another. They just didn't seem to fit together yet fit perfectly at the same time.

He shook his head at the thought and looked over at Toothless who would be raising an eyebrow if he had any. "What are you looking at?" He whispered.

The Night Fury purred slightly, shaking his head as he turned back to his fish. He shifted to his other side and was amused when the frost spirit fell over even if he didn't show it. Slurping the tail of one of his last fish, he watched as Rapunzel laughed. It wasn't all that loud and it wasn't as hilarious as Merida's, but it was enough to get his attention. Apparently, his human had stumbled upon his words while giving her a compliment and tried to rephrase it without sounding harsh or mean. Hiccup did this much more than he'd like to admit.

By the time breakfast was finished, the sun was completely out and the cold morning air was now warm. Well, as warm as it was going to get. The walk back to the village didn't seem all that long. Mostly because the three of them chatted away about small things such as culture differences or how winter was coming soon. Jack continued to keep his distance, jumping from branch to branch as quietly as possible. Merida looked over her shoulder from time to time, staring up at him until Rapunzel grabbed her attention once more. Her stomach churned as she talked to the blonde and she began to honestly feel bad for the winter spirit. She had seen him around people a few times, seen the way they all ignored him, walked right through him. If that were her, she wouldn't know what to do with herself. And here she was; one of the only people in the world that could see him, ignoring him like everyone else. She frowned as she listened to the seventeen-year-old gush about how amazing the world was. If only she could tell her about him.

'\_We need her trust\_.' She thought, sighing and forcing a smile. '\_If we just told her\_,' it would seem as if we'\_re making fun of her\_.'

The tour around the village was ratherâ€œhectic. Rapunzel continuously strayed from the small group and would linger over something until Merida or Hiccup pulled her away. The other, more muscular Vikings stared at them as they walked around. Most just watched until they were out of sight, shrugging it off, and going about their day. Some raised their eyebrows, staring at where they were for half a second before returning to their tasks, still wondering who those two girls were and why they were with a talking fishbone. Very few glared at the Scottish princess' red hair, mumbling oaths under their breath â€œ and beards.

"If you kill dragons, then why are there so many on the houses and boats?" Rapunzel asked, looking over at the youngest of the them.

Hiccup shrugged. "We thought that if they saw other dragons, bigger dragons, they'd go away. It didn't work out as well as we

hoped."

She placed her hand on one of the many carvings, tracing her fingers over every bump. "They all look so new."

"Thaye bern down." Merida said, crossing her arms. "Everay raid, right?" She looked over at the brunet and leaned against a post, picking chunks of apple out of her teeth with her tongue.

The smallish Viking rolled his eyes and nodded. "Yup. Old village, lots and lots of new houses."

As the day went on, Rapunzel's curiosity slowly decreased. The more she learned, the calmer she seemed to get and the less looks they received. Her feet soon dragged across the cold ground, completely numb from all the walking and abuse. Jack would try to keep her awake as much as possible; pinching her nose and tickling her hands with frost. But, she still seemed to fall back into a trance, making it seem as if she was sleep walking. On their way to the cove, however, she woke up to the sound of Astrid's voice. It sounded so irritated and annoyed that it made her wonder what exactly had happened. When they first met, she was the nicest, kindest person. Then she saw the daggers she was sending toward Merida. And, of course, in turn, the red head shot them back.

It wasn't long until Hiccup broke up the staring battle and they continued on their way. Dinner consisted of fish â€“ of course â€“ dried meat, and fruits. Rapunzel waved off what was set in front of her and curled up against her large braid, falling asleep almost instantly. Jack took this chance to eat for the first time that day; grabbing Rapunzel's dried meat and half a fish. Toothless ate rather silently for a dragon, wrapping his tail around the rider. Other than the sounds of chewing and the crackling of the fire, everything was quiet. The sky was clear and the stars seemed brighter than normal.

Coughing down the last bit of fish, the oldest of the group stood up and jumped, allowing the wind to carry him up to a nearby tree branch. The two stared for a moment, watching as he tossed and turned, trying to find the perfect position. Which one would assume that there was no such thing as a perfect position when it came to trees. Somehow, Merida was surprised when Jack didn't move for a few minutes, his slight snoring breaking through the silence.

Toothless curled up around his best friend, purring as he slowly fell into sleep. Hiccup leaned back against him. He ignored the bitter autumn night air and only took in the warmth around him. Turning his head to the side, he closed his eyes and just listened to the crackling of the fire, the breaking of dry, burning twigs. A large crack caused him to flinch and open his eyes. The princess beside him continued to stare into the flames, poking it at the base with one of her arrows.

"Hey." Hiccup whispered, his voice just as cracked as the sticks in the fire from overuse. "Do you really hate your mom?"

Merida leaned back against the large boulder behind her, her gaze avoiding his. Her heart was racing as well as the blood in her veins, trying to warm her cheeks. She hadn't expected him to speak and it caught her off guard.

"Notâ€|not realleh." In truth, she missed her mother. She missed being woken up in the morning by her orderly voice, the constant lessons, the list of many things a princess does not do. Rubbing her arm, she looked down at her feet, at the shoes her mother had specially made for that day.

"Not anehmore." Merida rested her chin on her knees, rubbing both arms now.

The brunet blinked tiredly as he stared at her. "What made you change your mind?"

She shrugged and finally met his gaze. "You."

Her voice was crisp and clear. Understandable. It caused silence. Not another sound reached his ears as he stared at her, watching the fire fight against the blue in her eyes. Finally he turned away and cleared his throat.

"Do you miss herr?"

A small nod. "Yeah.." He cleared his throat again, even coughing a little. "Yeah, I miss my mom, too."

She looked down at his feet, then Toothless' tail, then the ground. A cold breeze hit her back and caused her to shake feverishly.

"Hey." Hiccup whispered, scooting over a little and patting the spot he had just occupied. "Come on. It's warmer over here."

There was a long moment of hesitation before she gave in, allowing the Night Fury's tail to sit on her lap. Even though there were dry scales hitting her back, she didn't care. At least they warmed her up. She curled up against the dragon, letting her forehead lean on the Viking's boney shoulder as she closed her eyes.

"Goo'night, Hiccop." She mumbled.

Looking off to the side, he tried to ignore the fact that there was physical contact other than a punch or slap. "Goodnight, Merida."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Again, I am very sorry for the long wait. It won't happen again. I hope... - ADAM  
><strong>

\*\*Reviews = Motivation = Chapters\*\*

## 8. Archery is not his strength

\*\*A/N: Hello all! There really isn't much to say. Well, I guess I could say I'm sorry the ending is short. I'm at the library using their internet. The library in a town over from mine. Only about a half hour walk, but, I need to pick up my brother and take him out to eat so...yeah. Anyway, does anyone know how to post stories/fics on Tumblr? If so, can you teach me? I want to get this out more. And now, enjoy.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"No, no, like this." Merida straightened his arm, pulling the arrow back even more.</p>

Hiccup narrowed his eyes at the target and allowed her to pull his shoulders back, kick at his legs, and twist his head a little more. He chewed on the inside of his mouth, took a deep breath through his nose and released. The arrow flew well past the target and hit the branch of a tree almost a mile away, causing a loud, annoyed groan from its owner.

"Now look a' whatchu did!" She threw her arms up into the air, making her way out of the cove to retrieve the ammo. "Tha' was horrible!" Her accent became thicker and her words less coherent as she rambled on.

Jack couldn't help but laugh at the situation. They had all been there for about two hours, watching the brunet try and fail, try and fail. Every time he began laughing, Hiccup would try his hardest not to glare. Instead, he would glance over at Toothless who would take the hint, smacking his tail upside the winter spirit's head and placing it lovingly next to Rapunzel, separating the two. This time was no different. He placed his hand on the spot the dragon loved to abuse so much, feeling the tip of the tail whip against his bare skin, and slide down between him and the blonde. Jack sighed, looking over at Toothless with a slight glare.

"Do you always have to do that?" He whispered. The Night Fury gave a small laugh before laying his head down, watching his best friend wince as Merida tapped an arrow on his head.

"Again." She said, helping pull his arms back. "Slowlay let out a breath before you shoot."

Hiccup nodded and did as he was told, taking a deep breath in and slowly letting it out, his eyes fixated on the center of the target. He let the arrow go and watched as it flew, hitting the target just a few inches below the center. Merida let out a sigh of slight relief as she stomped over to retrieve it. Rapunzel smiled, giving him a thumbs up. At least he hit the target this time.

After about an hour of him actually hitting the painted sheet covering the pile of hay, the Scottish princess finally began practicing with her own bow. The two were silent and almost seemed to ignore the three watching them.

"Soâ€|" Jack said, looking over at Rapunzel. "Are there any tricks like this you can do? Other than the glowing hair, I mean."

She watched them intently, her chin resting on her fists, her elbows on her knees. Her eyes seemed to twinkle with excitement and curiosity. He leaned back against Toothless and just stared at her.

"Me? Well, I can do all sorts of things. I can fly." He smiled, looking up at the sky. "And I can make it snow. I can make frost on the windows."

She didn't turn her head, not hearing a single word he was saying. What was he thinking; of course she can't hear him. She can't see him. She can't touch him. She can't hear him. Nobody could except for those two crazy archers, now trying to see how fast they could pull an arrow out and shoot, and this dragon who only seemed to care about him when he felt the need to. He sighed and shook his head, turning it over to the blonde. His fingers danced along the small braids in her hair.

He smiled. "But, enough about me. Let's talk about you. I'm sure you have an interesting story or something cool to show us."

Rapunzel brushed her hair behind her ear and shivered at the coldness of his hand. She looked around, her eyes seeming to look into his for a moment before she turned back to Hiccup and Merida, smiling as they competed against each other. Jack sighed and jumped off the rock they were sitting on, walking off on an unknown path.

Usually, when the winter spirit needed to be alone, he would take flight and go off into another country or continent. But that wasn't the case today. He felt the urge to walk instead of fly.

He walked over fallen trees, skipped rocks across the dirt, and even stopped to stare at the sun as it began to set. During his little journey, he began to wonder if anybody would notice if he were to fly off and never come back. Would they even care? Jack scuffed as he picked up a rock, tossing it over a few branches and catching it before it hit the ground.

"Of course they wouldn't notice!" He muttered to himself as the remains of the sun fell beyond the horizon. "They pretend not to notice all the time!"

The bump on his head from Toothless' tail hitting him began to sting and he hissed, dropping the rock to place his hand on his head. His eyes closed tightly as he rubbed the spot gentle, trying to lower his temperature to make an ice pack from his hand. When the pain subsided enough for him to open his eyes, he stared at the rock casually. At first, he thought it was the moon's light tricking him. Then he looked closer. It wasn't the light tricking him at all. The rock he had dropped lay suspended in mid-air, twirling slowly as if someone were looking it over. He watched as the rock slowly floated past arm's length and all the way over to where hardly any moonlight hit. Under a canopy of branches and dying leaves were two golden eyes, glittering as they stared at the rock now sitting in an ash shaded hand.

Pitch slowly walked out from the darkness, giving the rock a look of pity. "Of course they would notice, Jack."

His grip on his crook tightened and he pointed it straight at the nightmare king. "What are you doing here?" He glared at him, standing slightly more on his toes in case he needed to fly off. "Get out of here before I -"

"Before you what? Give me frost bite?" Pitch seemed to chuckle, finally looking up at the white haired teen. "Hit me with a snow ball? Come now, Jack. We both know that you hardly can control your gift let alone do what you want with it." He sighed and turned his attention back to the rock, twirling it around, rubbing his thumb

against the cool surface. "Besides, I'm not here to fight with you."

Jack blinked in disbelief. He wasn't here to fight? Then what was he here to do? Just toy with him? He slowly lowered his crook and stared at Pitch, watching his every move and keeping on his toes. "Then what are you here to do?" He whispered.

"I'm here to tell you the truth. You deserve to know it, after all."

"The truth? The truth about what?"

"About your friends." Pitch glanced down the path he had seen the boy take then looked at him before glancing back to the rock. "About how they would notice if you weren't there. They would notice that there wasn't a pile of snow where you fell asleep in the morning. They would notice that the air is a lot warmer without you around. And certainly, that girl would notice that those unexplained chills stopped so suddenly. But, of course, they wouldn't care."

He threw the rock over his shoulder, finally staring straight at the horrified teen. "They would notice, but they wouldn't care in the least. They would go on with their lives as if you never existed. After a day or two with you gone, they'd brush you off as nothing more than an imaginary friend. I mean, Rapunzel did, didn't she?"

Jack took a step back, holding his staff close to his chest as he shook his head. "S-stop! That's not—"

"She forgot about the frost on the windows and grew up. And that's what'll happen to the others. They'll forget about the boy with the white hair and go on with their lives." Pitch took a step closer to him as he continued. "They'll grow old, get married, have children. And soon, they'll die. You'll be alone again. It'll be like they never existed as well."

"Stop it!" He brought his hands up to his ears, backing up against a tree. "Stop it, stop it, stop it, stop it!" But, it was no use.

Pitch's words echoed inside his head with no end. He screamed and shook his head, trying all he could to just get rid of these thoughts; the golden eyes, the rock, the cold truth about the situation he pushed himself into. He just wanted to lay there and forget everything. Lay there and forget everyone. Sadly, he couldn't.

Off in the distance, he heard a voice. Someone calling his name. Soon, he heard feet crunching the leaves that had fallen. Hiccup silently walked over and kneeled beside the fallen spirit, placing a hand on his frozen shoulder. It was painfully cold, but, he kept it still and stared at his friend.

"Jack, are you alright? You've been gone for a while." Pitch was right they would notice. "And I heard you screaming. Were you attacked?" He was, in a way. But, the cuts that the brunet was looking for were not physical.

"I'm alright." He lied, standing up with a weak smile. "I just saw a shadow and it scared me."

The young Viking chuckled and shook his head. "Uh, alright. I guess that makes sense. Come on back to camp. We're having dinner before we head back up to my house."

Jack nodded, thinking about every word Pitch had said as he walked. He thought back to those times where he was nothing more than just frost on windows, doors, and grass. Before he had a face or form to others. Before he was more than just a legend or a bedtime story to children. He began to think about how lonely he was back then. And about how happy he was to have a little friend even if she couldn't see him. He thought back to a few weeks ago when he first met Hiccup and confided in him. Then Merida came along, stumbling over a torn gown, hardly understandable from Jack's point of view. And thenâ€|then they found Rapunzel.

The pain in his chest that formed as Pitch talked gripped his heart once more. The truth of the matter was, they were going to die. They all were going to grow old and die while he stayed the same forever with this pain. Some part of him wished that he never made friends with the three so he would never have to feel even more hurt when they left him. Another pushed the thoughts to the side as the girls came into view, smiles on.

Toothless ate next to Rapunzel, glancing over at the winter teen. A soft growl grew in his throat until he looked closer into his eyes. The growl became a sort of purr and he placed his head on top of the other's when he sat down; a form of affection dragons used with friends. A type of hug, if you will.

The blonde chatted away about how amazing the two archers were and about how she wished she could do something like that.

"I could teach youu." Merida said carefully. Lately, she had been loosing her accent, trying to make it easier for the others to understand her. "It isn't that hard."

Rapunzel shook her head and swallowed a strawberry almost whole. "Nah, that's alright. If the time ever came, I don't think I'd be able to shoot something down."

"It's easy." The red head said smiling, gesturing over to Hiccup with her head. "He shot down a Night Fury. Can't be that hard to shoot somethin' else."

Jack chuckled while Toothless sent her a harsh glare. And, for what seemed like the first time, all four of them laughed; even if Hiccup's laugh was let out nervously. Merida snorted as she laughed, making Rapunzel laugh more, making the rest of them join in. They sat there and held their sides, tears pouring from their eyes as they bent over and continued to laugh until there was nothing left to laugh about. Even then, the silence was broken by a few muffled chuckles, one or two giggles hidden behind hands.

After they ate until their sides hurt even more, Hiccup stomped out the remains of the fire. They all said goodnight to Toothless and more or less climbed up the rocks leading into the cove. Rapunzel began to shake as a few flakes of snow started falling from the sky.

She tried to rub her arms with her hands and brush her feet together as she walked. The dresses she made and wore were made for warm weather. Never did she have to worry about shoes or coats, hats or gloves, the fireplace in her tower was lit almost all winter long. Whenever she asked for the materials to make them, her mother would let out a laugh and say there was no such need for those things. If her hands or feet were cold, she had a fire to keep her warm. Now, walking through the thin layer of snow, she regretted not pressing her mother more for the items.

She looked over at Merida who seemed to be shivering as well, her arms crossed over her chest. When she looked over at Hiccup, she was slightly surprised. He seemed unbothered by the cold weather. And what he wore seemed thinner than her dress even if he was completely covered.

Entering the Haddock home, she gently tapped him on the shoulder. "Umm, Hiccup? Y-you wouldn't happen to have an extra pair of boots, would you?"

He smiled and nodded. "I'm sure we have an extra pair somewhere. Tomorrow, we'll go looking for warmer clothes for you. Can't be running around in silk during this time of the year."

"Thank you." She followed him into the backroom, watching as he pawed through a chest of old clothing and accessories.

After a moment, he pulled out an old pair of boots and walked up to his room with her, carrying some furs and cloth. As he laid them down, Rapunzel sat on his wooden bed, slipping the boots on and off. They truly felt strange. Almost like the one time when she was little and she stepped in a bowl of paint. It felt almost like they were suffocating her feet. But, she'd rather have suffocated feet than feet with frost bite.

She smiled at them and tapped the toes together, tilting her head side to side as she looked them over. They came to about half way up her shin; seams worn and the soles coming off at the heel. She stayed there and continued to smile until she heard the commotion downstairs. Peering over the railing, she watched as Hiccup talked with his father, Merida nowhere to be seen.

"Hiccup, she is dangerous."

"Dad, she's not! She really isn't! She's just lost and I'm just helping her out!"

Stoick sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose. "That red haired girl has got to go. She can't stay in the village any longer."

"But dad-"

"Now send her home!" Hiccup backed down, his head lowering to gaze at his feet. "Send her back to where she came from. She's not welcome here."

As soon as she saw Stoick's head begin to rise, she dropped and tried to hide behind one of the support beams that shot up past Hiccup's room. She held her hands to her chest as she felt her heart beat rise to what she thought a hummingbird's heart must be like. When it

started falling back down to normal, the sound of screaming from outside brought it back up.

Jack, who stood, leaning against a wall, looked down at the front door and tried to place a face to the scream. Then there was another, a scream of a child. The clanking of swords and axes entered the mix, bringing battle shouts with it. He glanced over at Rapunzel.

"Wait here. I'll go see what it is." Jumping over the railing, he waited until Hiccup opened the door.

Many Vikings were charging at something near the steps of the Great Hall. He couldn't see just what it was completely but, he could see arrows coming from its shoulder. Was that a broken spear coming from its back? Andâ€¦is that fur?

A growl and a roar was all he needed to place a name to the beast. It was a bear. A giant bear, its hide littered with broken weapons. It pushed mighty, large Vikings around as if they were nothing, knocking the air out of them and keeping some on the ground. His eyes went wide as he bravely looked down at the brunet holding the door open, seeing a shocked and confused look on his face.

"Do bears usually come and attack Berk?" Jack asked, gripping his crook tightly.

Hiccup shook his head. "No. We thought there were no bears on Berk. Only dragons, cattle and—" A Viking, Spitelout no doubt, was thrown into the side of the house. He quickly tried his best to stand up and began barking orders to the others. "â€¦sheep."

"Well, clearly, you have bears here, too." The winter teen jumped into the air, shooting small shards of ice toward the demon looking beast. "Grab a weapon and let's go!"

Stoick already had his axe, adjusting his helmet as he ran out the door. "Hiccup, you stay here!" He ordered and began attacking as the bear drew closer to the house.

This caused the brunet to groan. He looked up at Rapunzel who peered over the railing, her frying pan in hand. It took him a moment of thought before he grabbed a bow and a set of arrows that were set next to the fireplace. With them in hand, he looked up at her one last time and ran out, loading the bow carefully. He watched as his father was flung to the side, hitting and nearly knocking over a tree. Some other Vikings were laying on the ground, bloody and bruised, hardly breathing at all. Hiccup stared at one for a moment and waited until they let out a weak cough to show that they were still alive.

With loaded bow and many allies fallen, he pulled back the arrow and tried to focus as hard as he could. Merida's voice nagged him in the back of his head how his shoulders were not properly back and how his footing was off. Quickly looking himself over and fixing the mistakes, he looked back up at the bear just in time to see Jack being slashed in the face with its claws. Pulling the arrow back once more, he let out a breath and released. The arrow flew and hit it in the neck, getting its attention. Its eyes glared at him, or rather, eye. One of them was clouded over and clearly was dead.

The bear threw Jack off to the side and began advancing toward Hiccup, head-butting anyone that got in its way. The poor teen fidgeted as he pulled back arrows and released them, completely ignoring his stance and the shots of others telling him to run. When the beast was no more than a few inches away, it charged after him and pounced, pinning the boy to the ground. Hiccup curled up as the bear roared in his ear. That was it. He was going to die. He was going to die a failure.

Just as he felt its sharp teeth rub against his cheek, there was the sound of something cutting through the air. The warm breath of the demon animal was replaced with cold, autumn air. Hiccup looked up at the bear to see it on its side, an arrow in its other eye. The Vikings that could stand began to slaughter the beast, dragging it off to the butcher a few houses down. He looked over and saw Merida standing there with wide eyes her bow stretched as if she had just shot an arrow.

"Merida!" He whispered and stood up, brushing himself off. "I totally had it covered. I mean, I-"

"Almost got yerself killed." She looked over at him, turning him this way and that. "Are ya hurt? Did it hurt you?"

The small Viking shook his head. "No. N-no, I think I'm alright. What about you? Are you okay?"

She nodded and sighed, looking over at the bloody mess that stretched for a good yard. "Tha' was Mor'du." She whispered to herself before turning to Hiccup once more.

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><p>The air was consumed with the smell of burning flesh and rotten fish. Every once in a while, the sound of a dragon's wings would enter the slight silence; breaking through the echoing sounds of an endless fire pit.</p>

Gothel stood on the cliff that overlooked the pit. She was sure that above her, there were many lurking Nadders or Gronckles, but, the real prize was beneath her feet; beneath all the smoke and flames. As she took a deep breath in, she could hear Pitch Black yawn. He watched her from a rock pillar, crossing his arms to show just how bored he truly was.

"Really? A dragon?" He asked. "Do you honestly think that would work?"

"Well, your plan backfired." She turned to him, placing her hands on her hips. "All it did was scar your soon-to-be prince. Besides, you said I could pick our next toy."

Pitch nodded, remembering the precise moment. "And I've regretted it ever since!" He walked up to her and looked down into the pit, trying to see past the clouds. "Big is never better."

"In some cases, it is." Gothen kept her ground as the cave began to shake, a large nose just peeking through the smoke. "In our case, it better be."

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><p><strong>AN: Now I'm off to get my brother! Sorry! -  
ADAM\*\*

\*\*Reviews = Motivation = Chapters\*\*

\*\*Pass this fic around. Make it known! \*\*

## 9. Leaving Berk

\*\*A/N: BAHHH this chapter is short. I'm sorry guys.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>The sun was up just enough to cause the night dew to glitter on the blades of grass. Each house was colder inside than it was outside, and the early fishermen could see their breath as they checked on their nets. The wood piles beside the fireplaces had markings of frost on them which people brushed off as a natural Berk winter.</p>

Hiccup looked outside his window and watched as a few puffs of smoke came from a couple houses down. People were starting to wake up and he, all five of them actually, had to act fast. He already had his journal and a few things in his bag to help repair Toothless' tail when and if the time ever came. Rapunzel had all of her things with her and was, at this very moment, purchasing a winter dress for the ride. Even though he didn't have much, Hiccup gave her what he had to give. So, the money was with her, his things were in the bag in his hand, and most of the other supplies were back with Toothless and Merida. Why did he feel he was missing something?

Large footsteps interrupted his train of thought and he turned his head to see Stoick, his father, climbing the steps to his room.

"D-dad? What are you doing up this early?" He noticed how surprised and disappointed his voice sounded and quickly averted the other's gaze.

Stoick crossed his arms over his chest. "I should be asking you that." He looked down at the bag in his son's hands. "I saw that Rapunzel girl with bags over her shoulders this morning, leaving to go get clothes for winter."

"You, uh, you did?" Hiccup looked up at his father and put the bag behind his back, hoping that if it was out of sight, it'd be out of mind. "And it's Rapunzel, dad. Her name is Rapunzel."

His father just stared at him. Stoick's eyes were cold even though their color was actually lovely. He stared at his son and expected him to explain everything; where they went to from morning till night, what they were doing, and, more importantly, where those two girls really came from. For some reason, he didn't believe his son's story whenever he asked. Hiccup's face would become red and his eyes would dart about when he tried to explain. Then, he'd clear his throat and try his hardest to change the subject.

"Where are you getting ready for?" He demanded with a stern, firm voice and narrowed eyes.

Hiccup pressed his lips together as he sat on his bed. For some reason, he felt cornered and frightened even though his father would never do anything to hurt him. He had this strong urge to throw up his arms over his face but tried to keep them behind his back. "I'm, uh, just going out. You know, like I always do."

"'Just going out'? Just going out where?" Stoick took a step forward, looming over the smaller brunet. "Where do you 'go out' to, Hiccup?"

He could feel the sweat dripping off his brow. There was no way his father would ever believe the truth. And if he did, they'd all kill his first friend. They might even exile him for having a friendship with a dragon. He took a deep breath, thought of something really quick, and stared at his father.

"Alright." He started, adjusting himself to stand up straight. "The truth isâ€|the girls have been training me how to use weaponsâ€|properly."

"Use weapons?" Stoick leaned back in slight shock. Yes, many women carried axes in Berk, but it was hard to believe that those two carried weapons or knew how to fight at all.

Hiccup nodded with a smile. "Yes! Yes, oh, yes. Like how to shoot arrows and swing a sword."

The Viking chief began to stroke his beard as he tried to imagine Rapunzel with a sword. "Swords and arrows, huh?" He shook his head and sighed. "I see. So, they'll be here for a while."

"Yeah. That's why she needed the dress." He bit his lip. There was no way that worked that well. At one time, he had thought that nothing got passed his father. Apparently, his leaving passed right over Stoick. "So, if you don't mind, I'll just be leaving. For the day."

Hiccup was half way down the stairs when his father called out to him, making him wince and freeze. He was hoping that he'd be able to leave without question but, he continued walking down the stairs and looked up at the other, watching him follow. There was a softness to his face as he walked into the backroom that he couldn't really describe. And it stayed when he walked out after a few minutes. In his hands was a small helmet, just a bit larger than the teen's head. Two horns came out from the sides and Stoick quickly readjusted one of them before handing it to his son.

"For you." He said, watching Hiccup overlook the new item. "To keep you safe when you're training. I was going to give it to you later butâ€|now seems like a good time."

The brunet placed a freckled hand on the top of it, taking in the cool metal. "Wow. Thanks, dad." He smiled as he stroked part of it with his thumb.

"Ah, your mother would've wanted you to have it." Stoick crossed his arms over his chest. He wanted to tell him the rest, but, he also

didn't want to ruin his happy mood. Besides, he seemed like he was late, anyway.

When he put the helmet on his head, Hiccup waved to his father and ran out as fast as he could, heading straight for the cove. His bag thumped against his numb back, his toes shivered. He looked up and smiled at Jack who jumped from branch to branch, following him but not in his usual happy way. Ever since last night, the winter spirit hasn't been the same. The smile that he shot back at the Viking seemed forced and the spring in his step seemed heavy. He began to wonder just what Jack really saw last night. It couldn't have been just a shadow. Just as he opened his mouth to start the endless questions, though, he heard a distressed groan come from the cove not too far away.

Merida was stuffing her bag as fast as she could, all the while keeping Toothless from eating the rest of the apples. "Hey! Stop!"

Hiccup sighed and rolled his eyes. '\_This is going to be \_fantastic\_â€|\_ ' He thought to himself.

It was clear that Pitch knew where they were now. There was no way Mor'du could have made his way all the way over onto Berk without help. And the only one who could carry such a beast across the ocean was the Nightmare King himself, using his shadows as a sort of bridge or boat. So, the four decided it best to leave the island in search for another place of refuge.

Jack leaned against a tree close to the bickering pair, smiling and chuckling at the whole fight between them.

Toothless kept part of the bag of apples in his mouth, watching the Scottish princess try her hardest to pull it away from him. She huffed and screamed and at one point kicked him in the face before Hiccup stood between them. He might not have known it at the time, but, he was one of their weaknesses and he smiled slightly when he saw them step away from the bag which he picked up and put away properly.

"You could have totally won that fight." The winter teen said as he landed beside Merida.

She gritted her teeth and glared at the dragon that was walking away. "I could'veâ€|" She seemed to whisper.

Jack smiled and stroked his chin, knowing fully what the Viking meant to all of them. Mostly toward the princess and the Night Fury. "Too bad Hiccup stepped in. A fight between you two is like fire fighting fire."

"Don' ge' to close, Frosty. You might burn yerself." Merida patted the dirt off her sleeves and straightened her bow and arrows. "An' then where would we be withou' all that snow ya bring us?"

It was her turn to laugh now. The look on his face showed that the gears were really turning, trying their hardest to search for a good comeback. Before he could come up with one, she laughed and walked back toward their supplies, stuffing her extra underclothes into a private bag.

Since there wasn't really anything of his to pack, Jack jumped out of the cove and road the wind back toward the village to check on Rapunzel. He didn't need to go far, though. As he got closer, something told him to look down. Its voice was wavy like the ocean but firm like the pine trees blowing. And when he did follow its commands, he smiled and saw her walking toward the cove, humming.

The boots she wore went almost all the way up to her knee with fur coming out from the top like most of the settlers of Berk. It shocked him slightly to see something on her feet since they were always bare. But, what shocked him even more was the color of her thick winter coat. The fabric was clearly wool and the color was obviously dyed since he knew for sure there were no dull pink sheep in the world. How did the people living on the island know how to make the color pink anyway? They probably have never seen it before she came along. He shrugged and smiled, walking next to her.

"It looks very nice on you." He said, snow slowly starting to fall.

Rapunzel smiled up at the sky, giggling when a snowflake hit her nose. She had always seen snow from outside her window and even used to scrape it off the windowsill when her mother wasn't looking. But that wasn't the same as being caught in the middle of it snowing; feeling it hit your cheeks, watching it cover your hair and turning it white. She reached out and quickly pulled her hand back in to try and look at the exact shape of a snowflake, only to be disappointed when it melted in her hands.

Jack frowned, holding out his hand to catch a few flakes himself. When they landed, he put his hand out in front of her long face. "Just don't breathe too heavily."

As always, though, she didn't see him. Or hear him. Instead, she walked right through him and sighed, continuing toward the cove where the others waited. Part of her couldn't wait to go but, part of her wanted so badly to stay. There was still so much she had to learn and so much she hadn't seen. It was like taking a glance at something so beautiful and never seeing it again.

When she entered the cove, she helped pack the rest of their belongings and placed herself on the very edge of Toothless' saddle. She held tightly onto Merida who sat in front of her and closed her eyes, not opening them until they were high into the air. Ascending was much scarier than the actual flying and she always seemed to get a little sick when she watched the world below her become so short in such little time. But, now that they were in the air and over the ocean, her stomach strangely calmed and she opened her eyes.

Hiccup looked all around; surveying small islands, checking any place he could. "Anyone have any idea where we should go?" He asked.

"I have an idea!" Jack screamed happily and pointed at Merida. "Let's go get pampered at her place!"

The redhead stared at him for a moment before rolling her eyes and grumbling under breath. Her heart tugged at her chest as she fought with herself. She really didn't want to go home but did at the same

time. It made her confused beyond belief and she placed her head on Hiccup's shoulder from behind.

"\_Fine.\_" She grumbled.

Rapunzel stared at her in confusion until Merida started talking about her home. The dirt roads, the bustling villages, the views from every point in the castle; she told them just about everything. Her family was the last thing she talked about. They all gasped and laughed when she spoke about her father, Fergus the bear king, and her younger brothers; Hamish, Hubert, and Harris. Rapunzel and Hiccup started going on about how lucky she was to have siblings even though she would strongly disagree.

As noon time came around, they landed on a small island just south of Berk. From high above, it looked about as big as four large houses and a castle. But, when they climbed off Toothless and stepped forward into its vast forest, it seemed a lot bigger. Rapunzel held tightly onto Hiccup and Merida's sleeves when she heard a pack of Terrible Terrors not too far away. When they want to, Terrors can sound very fearsome. Especially in packs of more than six. It wasn't long until one of them pounced out from the bushes and caused her to jump onto her friend's backs. Which, in turn, made them fall over.

Slowly, but surely, they found a good place to camp and began to set up. Jack leaned back against a rock and chewed peacefully on a strip of dried beef; watching them set up tents, dig a spot for the fire, start the fire, and cook their lunch. He smiled at one point when a Terror walked up to Rapunzel and ate with her. She looked nervous at first but quickly got used to it.

As the day went on, everyone went to go do whatever they wanted or, more or less, needed to do. Merida decided to go off hunting right after eating. She was surprised to find more than just dragons living on the island and it wasn't long until she had caught two rabbits, a deer, and loads of fish. Hiccup didn't go very far. Just a little ways away from the camp, Rapunzel trailing after him. He figured that it was high time someone else learned how to train dragons and so, he taught the basics. The two observed some Monstrous Nightmares, Deadly Nadders and, at one rare point, a Gronkle. She took a liking to one specific Nadder who was a little purple in color. Right off the bat, she began calling the dragon Nattie and the two seemed to hit it off rather well. The Nadder even allowed her to ride on her back for a while.

Jack and Toothless, however, weren't as productive. The winter teen had told the two that they were going to scout out the area, make sure there was no sign of Pitch anywhere. Instead, all they did was mindlessly walk. The Night Fury seemed to be looking for moving shadows but, Jack was just playing in the fallen leaves. Every once in a while, tough, he felt eyes glaring at him. When he turned around, it was just Toothless staring at him with a very annoyed face.

"Well, what do we do now?" He asked as they sat down on the rocky beach. "Should we do another round-about?"

The dragon responded by groaning and laying down, staring off toward the ocean that surrounded them. Jack did the same and leaned against

him. "Yeah, me neither."

It was strange, really. The two hardly ever got along. The closest they came to calling each other 'friends' was when they first found Rapunzel. Maybe all that tailfin slapping was a way of showing affection, but, it never really seemed it at the time. It seemed more like a big brother protecting his younger sibling.

The spirit sighed, trying to get dirt out from under his fingernails. "This really sucks." He muttered.

Toothless looked over at him and sniffed the tips of his fingers. Jack shook his head. "No, not the dirt." He said. "Justâ€¦all this. I never meant for Pitch to attack us. I never meant for us to be on the runâ€¦"

Jack sighed, looking up at the sun that had just began to set. The water around him turned into a brilliant orange and seemed to be littered with jewels that glittered against the light. It made him smile slightly at its beauty. He had seen this a few times before when he would stop between time zones. The sight would only last a few moments, but, it was wondrous to see period. After a minute or so, the orange became a purple-pink and the jewels sank to the bottom of the ocean. He finally pulled himself away from it all and looked down at Toothless' head in his lap. Jack smiled, scratching a small spot behind one of his ears.

"You may be a pain. And annoying. And over protective of your humanâ€¦but you're alright."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Next chapter will be longer, I promise. -  
ADAM\*\*

\*\*Reviews = Motivation = Chapters\*\*

End  
file.